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TWILIGHT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Softly it melts, yon fading ray,
Like love's last look, all faintly given;
Calm, as some soul that dies away
And fades from earth, to rise in heaven.
Over the still, dark woodlands dim,
The fluttering breeze of evening dies,
Or faintly sings day's parting hymn
Beneath the sweet, the twilight skies.

Is not the twilight memory's hour;
Who, while its falling gleams may last,
Sits oft beneath their sombre power,
To mourn o'er that dear dream—the past:
Dim as yon lingering beams they rise,—
The scenes, the loved, the lost of yore,—
Shadowed on memory's tear-dimmed eyes,
Who whispers "they can come no more."

Pure as yon fading sky's faint light
Each buried face remembered seems,
And each loved form comes softly bright,
And fair as childhood's holy dreams;
Yet ah! how changed, how cold they rise,—
Those loved of youth's dear, vanished day;
Melting from sad affection's eyes,
As phantom-like as twilight's ray.

Yet, on the brow of twilight's hour,
A dim, but deathless glory plays,
And o'er the soul she sheds a shower
Of thoughts, akin to heavenly rays;
And mid her faint spiritual light,
Oft to the heart a glow is given,
Which triumphing o'er sorrow's night,
Reveals the coming dawn of heaven:

And not in vain does sorrow keep
Her tender memories of the past:
Nor idly does affection weep
O'er forms and scenes too dear to last;
But holy hopes from memory spring,
Begotten by undying love,
And faith, on strong untiring wing,
Still soars to greet earth's lost above.

FRANK.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

By the Author of "Verner's Pride," "East Lynne," "The Channings," etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

MADAM'S ROOM.

Leading out of the dressing room of Mrs. Chattaway was a moderate-sized, comfortable apartment, fitted up as a sitting-room, its hangings of chintz, and its furniture maple-wood. It was called in the household "Madam's room," and it was where Mrs. Chattaway frequently sat. Now; the home and the neighborhood afforded her readily the title which usage had long given to the mistress of Trevlyn Hold; she was the late squire's daughter, and they recognized it as her right; but they had not given the title of "Squire" to her husband. Nobody called him Squire Chattaway. Strive for it as he would, force his personal servants to observe the title as he did, he could not get it recognized or adopted. Even society—such society as the rustic spot furnished—would not give it him. When a written invitation came to the Hold—a rare event, for the good old-fashioned custom of inviting by word of mouth was mostly followed there—it would be worded, "Mr. and Madam Chattaway," and Chattaway's face turned green as he read it. No, never! He enjoyed the substantial good of being the proprietor of Trevlyn Hold, he received its revenues, he held sway as its lord and master; but its honors were not given to him—which was so much gall and wormwood to Chattaway.

The window of this sitting-room of Madam Chattaway's looked out to the front of the house. Through an opening of the trees it caught a view of the chimneys of the lodge. Mrs. Chattaway stood at this window on that dull morning in November mentioned in the last chapter, her eyes strained outwards. What was she gazing on? On those lodge chimneys?—on the dark and nearly bare trees that waved to and fro in the wintry wind?—on the extensive landscape stretching out in the distance, not fine to-day, but dull and cheerless?—or on the shifting clouds of the gray skies?—Not on any of these; her eyes, though apparently bent on all, in reality saw none.—They were fixed in vacancy, buried, like her thoughts, inwardv.

She wore a muslin gown, with dark purple spots upon it; her collar was fastened with a bow of black ribbon, her sleeves were confined with black ribbons at the wrist. She was passing a finger underneath one of these wrist-ribbons, round and round, as if the ribbon were tight; in point of fact, it was a proof of her abstraction, and she knew not that she was doing it. Her smooth hair fell in curls on her fair face, and her blue eyes were bright as with a slight touch of inward fever.

Some one opened the door and peeped in. It was Maude Trevlyn. Her frock was of the same material as the gown of Mrs. Chattaway, and a sash of black ribbon encircled her waist. Mrs. Chattaway did not turn, and Maude came forward.

"Are you well to-day, Aunt Edith?"

"Not very, dear." Mrs. Chattaway took the pretty young head within her arm as she answered, and fondly stroked the bright curls. "You have been crying, Maude!"

Maude shook back her curls with a smile, as if she meant to be brave; to make light of the accusation.

"They went on so shamefully, Aunt Edith, ridiculing George Ryle; and when I took his part, Cris hit me here"—pointing to the side of her face—"a sharp blow. It was stupid of me to cry, though."

"Cris did?" exclaimed Mrs. Chattaway.

"But I know I provoked him," candidly acknowledged Maude. "I am afraid I got in a passion; and you know, Aunt Edith, I don't mind what I say when I do get in one. They vexed me so about George. It is bad enough for George to be placed as he is at Barmester, without their casting ridicule to him for it."

"Who has been casting it?" asked Mrs. Chattaway.

"Cris and Octave. They say they shall go into Barmester to-morrow, and buy a yard of everything to be sold in the shop, that they may watch him serve it. It made me feel angry. I told Cris that he would be placed at something not half as good as that sometime, for he'd want a living when Rupert came into Trevlyn Hold."

"Maude! Maude! hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Chattaway, in a tone of terror. "You must not say that."

"I know I must not, Aunt Edith; I know it is wrong; wrong to think it, and foolish to say it. It was my temper. I am very sorry."

She nestled close to Mrs. Chattaway, caressing and penitent. Mrs. Chattaway stooped and kissed her, a strangely-marked expression of tribulation, of tribulation shrinking and hopeless, upon her countenance.

She quitted Maude and sat down on her sofa near the fire, leaning her head on its cushion as if the day were all too weary.—Maude followed, gentle and timid; she saw that her aunt was in pain either of body or mind.

"Shall I read to you, Aunt Edith?" she presently asked.

Mrs. Chattaway seized upon the proposition eagerly.

"Yes, yes!" she cried, extending her feverish hands and taking up a book from the table.

"Read there," she added, opening the book where a mark was placed. "I have need of some such comfort."

It was a religious work. And the page she pointed to enjoined, in fervid language, the absolute necessity of patient resignation under long-continued trouble. None could read it unmoved; it might bring comfort even to those sinking under the weight of despair.

Mrs. Chattaway kept her face hidden as Maude read. At the end of the second page a different subject was entered upon, and Mrs. Chattaway signified to Maude that she had read enough.

"I have not seen the book before, Aunt Edith. Have you had it long?"

"I bought it the last time I went into Barmester," she answered, without raising her head.

"It seems a nice book, aunt."

Mrs. Chattaway rose her face then. She leaned forward, and grasped the hand of Maude.

"Child! without such consolation to bear me up, I should sink; sink under my weight of care."

Maude felt awed; and somewhat puzzled.

"What care, Aunt Edith? Is there care at Trevlyn Hold?"

She looked around her as she put the question. The house was comfortable, the supplies were plentiful, the servants were sufficient; there was no work, no management, no anxiety on the shoulders of Mrs. Chattaway. Maude wonderingly repeated the question.

"What care, Aunt Edith?"

"There is a care of mind worse than that of body, Maude, inward trouble more wearing than outward. Sometimes I wonder why I am kept on earth."

"Oh, Aunt Edith! You—"

A knocking at the room door. It was followed by the entrance of the upper part of a female servant's face. She could not see Mrs. Chattaway; only Maude.

"Is Miss Diana here, Miss Maude?"

"No. Only Madam."

"What is it, Phœbe?" called out Mrs. Chattaway.

The girl came in now.

"Master Cris wants to know if he can take out the gig, ma'am?"

"I cannot tell anything about it," said Mrs. Chattaway. "You must ask Miss Diana. Maude, see; that is your Aunt Diana's step on the stairs now."

Miss Trevlyn came in.

"The gig?" she repeated. "No; Cris cannot take it. Go and tell him so, Maude. Phœbe, return to your work."

Maude ran away, and Phœbe went off grumbling, not aloud, but to herself; nobody dared grumble in the hearing of Miss Trevlyn. She had spoken in a sharp tone to Phœbe, and the girl did not like sharp tones when addressed to herself. As Miss Trevlyn sat down opposite Mrs. Chattaway, the feverish state of that lady's countenance struck upon her attention.

"What is the matter, Edith?"

Mrs. Chattaway buried her elbow on the sofa-cushion, and pressed her hand on her face, half covering it, before she spoke.

"I cannot get over this business," she answered, in a low tone. "To-day—perhaps naturally—I am feeling it more than is good for me. It makes me ill, Diana."

"What business?" asked Mrs. Chattaway.

"This binding out of George Ryle."

"Nonsense," said Miss Diana.

"It is not the proper thing for him, Diana; you confessed yesterday that it was not. The boy says that it is the blighting of his whole future life, and I feel that it is nothing less. I could not sleep last night for thinking of it. Once I dozed off, and fell into an ugly dream," she shivered. "I thought Mr. Ryle came to me and asked whether it was not enough that we had heaped care upon him in life, and then sent him to his death, but we must pursue his son."

"You always were weak, you know, Edith," was the composed rejoinder of Miss Trevlyn. "Why Chattaway should be interfering with George Ryle, I cannot understand; but it surely need not give concern to you. The proper person to put a veto on his being placed at Barmester, as he is being placed, was Maude Ryle. If she did not see fit to do it, it is no business of ours."

"It seems to me as if he had no one to stand up for him. It seems," added Mrs. Chattaway, with more of passion in her tone, "as if his father must be looking on at us, and condemning us from his grave."

"If you will worry yourself over it, you must," was the rejoinder of Miss Trevlyn. "It is very foolish, Edith, and it can do no earthly good. He is bound by this time, and the thing is irrevocable."

"Perhaps that is the reason—because it is irrevocable—that it presses upon me to-day with a greater weight. It has made me think of the past, Diana," she added, in a whisper. "Of that other wrong, which I cheat myself sometimes into forgetting; a wrong—"

"Be silent!" imperatively interrupted Miss Trevlyn, and the next moment Cris Chattaway bounded into the room.

"What's the reason I can't have the gig?" he began. "I feel inclined to dash across the country for an hour. Who says I can't have it?"

"I do," said Miss Trevlyn.

Cris insolently turned from her, and walked up to Mrs. Chattaway.

"May I not take the gig, mamma?"

If one thing irritated the sweet temper of Mrs. Chattaway, it was the being appealed to against any decision of Diana's. She knew that she possessed no power; that she was a nonentity in the house; and though she bowed to her dependency, and had no resource but to bow to it, she did not like it to be brought palpably before her.

"Don't apply to me, Cris. I know nothing about things down stairs, and I cannot say, one way or the other. The horses and vehicles are the things in particular that your papa will not have meddled with. Do you remember taking out the dog-cart without leave, and the result?"

Cris looked angry, perhaps the reminiscence was not agreeable. Miss Diana interfered.

"You will *not* take out the gig, Cris. I have said it."

"Then see if I don't walk! And if I am not home to dinner, Aunt Diana, you can just tell the squire that the thanks are due to you."

"Where is it that you wish to go?" asked Mrs. Chattaway.

"I am going to Barmester. I want to wish that fellow joy of his indentures," added Cris, a glow of triumph, almost malicious, lighting his face. "He is bound by this time. I wonder the squire is not back again!"

The squire was back again. As Cris spoke, his tread was heard on the stairs, and he came into the room. Cris was too full of his own concerns to note the expression of Mr. Chattaway's face.

"Papa, may I take out the gig? I want to go to Barmester to pay a visit of congratulation to George Ryle."

"No, you will not take out the gig," said Mr. Chattaway, the allusion exciting his vexation almost beyond bearing.

Cris thought he might have been misunderstood. Cris deemed that his proclaimed intention would find favor with Mr. Chattaway.

"I suppose you have been binding that fellow, papa. I want to go and ask him how he likes it."

"No, sir, I have not been binding him," thundered Mr. Chattaway. "What's more, he is not going to be bound. He has left it, and is at home again."

Cris gave a blank stare of puzzled wonderment, and Mrs. Chattaway let her hands fall silently upon her lap and heaved a gentle sigh, as if some great good had come to her.

CHAPTER XV.

LIKE THE SLIPPERS IN THE EASTERN STORY.

None of us can stand still in life. Everything rolls on its course toward the end of all things. The world goes on; its events go on; we go on, in one universal progress; nothing can arrest itself—nothing can be diverted from the appointed laws of progression.

In noting down a family's or a life's history, *it must of necessity occur* that periods in it will be *differently marked*. Years at times will glide quietly on, giving forth little of event in them worthy of record; while, again, it will happen that occurrences, various and momentous, will be crowded into an incredibly short space. Events, sufficient, one would think, to fill up the allotted life of man—three score years and ten—will follow one another in rapid succession in the course of as many months—nay, of as many days.

Thus it was with the history of the Trevlyns, and those connected with them. After the lamentable death of Mr. Ryle, the new agreement touching money matters between Mr. Chattaway and Mrs. Ryle, and the settlement of George Ryle, in his own home, it may be said in his father's place, little occurred for some years worthy of note. Time seemed to pass on unerringfully. The girls and the boys grew into men and women; the little children into growing up girls and boys. Cris Chattaway lorded it in his own offensive manner as the squire's son—as the future squire; his sister Octavia was not more amiable than of yore, and Maude Trevlyn was governess to Mr. and Mrs. Chattaway's younger children. Miss Diana Trevlyn had taken care that Maude should be well educated, and Miss Diana paid the expenses of it from her own pocket, in spite of Mr. Chattaway's sneers. When she was eighteen years of age, the question arose, What shall be done with her?

"She shall go out, and be a governess," said Mr. Chattaway. "Where will be the profit of all her fine education, if it's not to be made use of?"

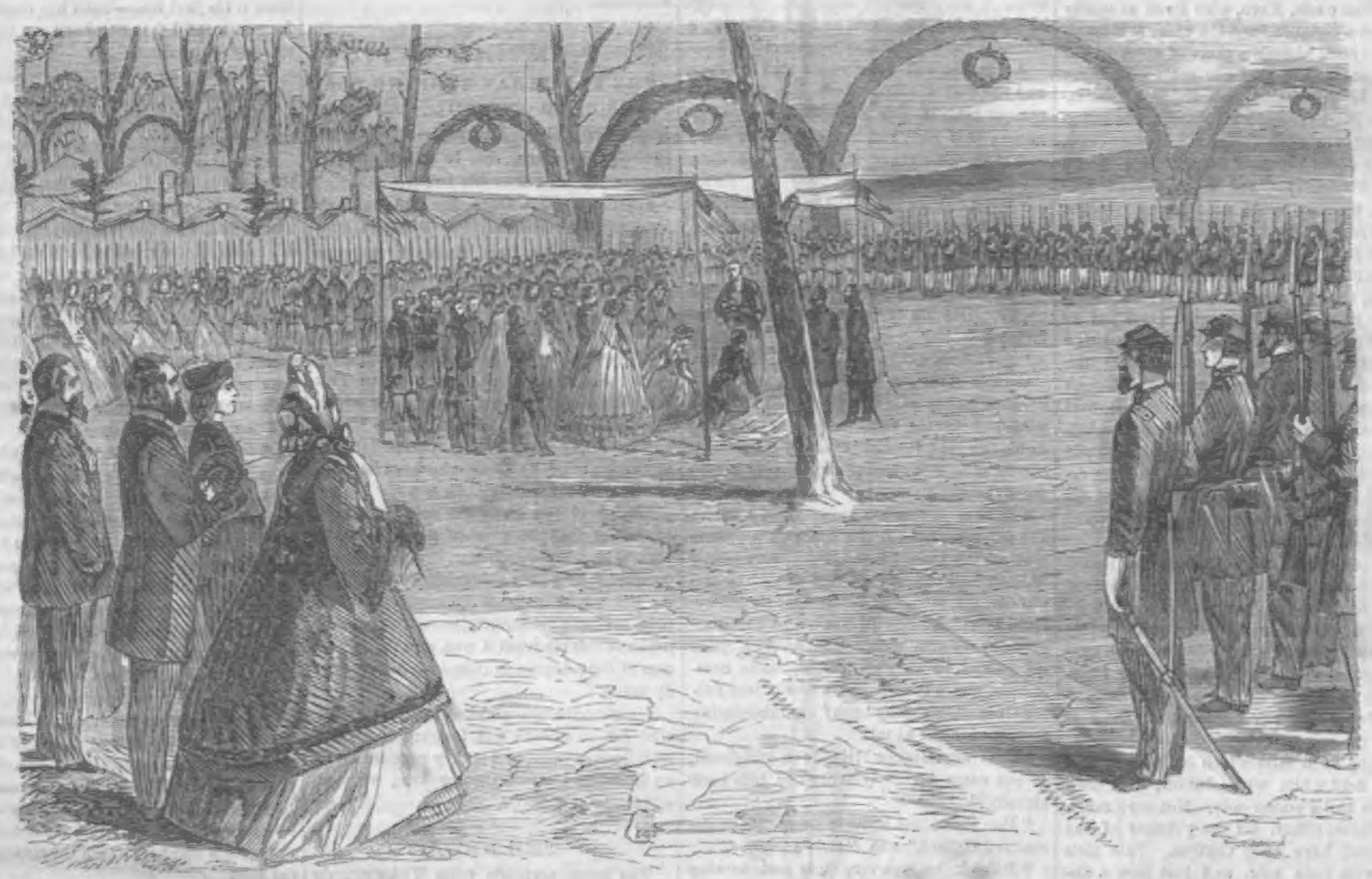
"No," dissented Miss Diana; "a Trevlyn cannot be sent out in the world to earn her own living; our family have not come to that."

"I won't keep her in idleness," growled Chattaway.

"Very well," said Miss Diana; "make her governess to your girls, Edith and Emily; it will save the cost of their schooling."

And the advice was taken.

But Rupert? Rupert was not found to be so easily disposed of. There's no knowing what Chattaway, in his ill-feeling, might have put Rupert to, had he been free to place him as he pleased. If he had not shown any superfluous consideration in the placing out of George Ryle—or rather in the essaying to place him out—it was not likely he would show it to one whom he hated as he hated Rupert. But here Miss Diana stepped in, as she had done with regard to Maude. Rupert was a Trevlyn, she said, and consequently could not be converted into a chimney-sweep or a shoe-black; he must get his living at something more befitting his degree. Chattaway demurred, but



WEDDING IN CAMP.

Marriage Ceremony of Captain Daniel Hart, of the 7th Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, and Miss Helen A. Lammond, of Washington, D. C.

[See Article on Eighth Page.]

he knew better than to run counter to any mandate issued by Diana Trevlyn.

Several things were tried for Rupert. He was placed with a clergyman to study for the Church; he went to an LL.D. to read for the Bar; he was consigned to a wealthy grazier, to be made into a farmer; he was posted off to Sir John Rennet, to be initiated into the science of civil engineering. And he came back from all. As one after the other venture was made, so it failed, and a very short space of time would see Rupert returned as ineligible to Trevlyn Hold. Ineligible! Was he deficient in capacity? No. He was only deficient in that one great blessing, without which life can bring no enjoyment—health. In his weakness of chest and lungs—in his liability to take cold—in his suspiciously delicate frame, Rupert Trevlyn was ominously like his dead father. The clergyman, the doctor of laws, the hearty grazier, and the far-famed engineer thought, after a month's trial, that they would rather not take charge of him. He had a fit of illness—it may be better to say of weakness—in the house of each; and they, no doubt, one and all, deemed that a pupil predisposed to disease—it may be almost said to death—as was Rupert Trevlyn, would bring with him too much of responsibility.

So, time and again, Rupert was returned on the hands of Mr. Chattaway. To describe that gentleman's wrath would take a pen tipped with iron. Was Rupert *never* to be got rid of? It was as the slippers in the well-read Eastern story, which persisted in turning up, their unhappy owner knew not how. Fom the bottom of the sea—from a grave dug deep in the earth—from a roaring furnace of fire—up came those miserable slippers again and again. And up came Rupert Trevlyn. The boy could not help his ill-health; but you may be sure Mr. Chattaway's favor to him was not increased. "I shall put him in the office at Blackstone," said he. And Miss Diana acquiesced.

Blackstone was the name of the locality where Mr. Chattaway's mines were situated. An appropriate name, for the place was black enough, and stony enough, and dreary enough, for anything. A low, dreary, level country, its utter flatness alone broken by the signs of the pits, its uncompromising gloom enlivened only by the ascending fires which blazed up from the pits at night, and illumined the country for miles round. The pits were not all of coal; iron mines and other mines were scattered with them. On Chattaway's property, however, there was coal alone. Long rows of houses, as dreary as the barren country, were built near; they were occupied by the workers in the mines. The overseer or manager for Mr. Chattaway was named Pinder, a brother to John Pinder, who was on Mrs. Ryle's farm; but Chattaway chose to interfere very much with the executive of things himself, and may almost have been called his own overseer. He had an office near to the pits, in which accounts were kept, the men paid, and other items of business transacted; a low building, of one story only, consisting of three or four rooms. In this office he kept one regular clerk, a young man named Ford, and into this same office he put Rupert Trevlyn. But many, and many, and many a day was Rupert ailing; weak, sick, feverish, coughing, and unable to go to it. But for Diana Trevlyn, Chattaway might have driven him thither, sick or well. Not that Miss Diana possessed any extraordinary affection for Rupert; she did not keep him at home from love, or from motives of indulgence. But hard, and cold, and imperious though she was, Miss Diana owned somewhat of the largely open-handedness of the Trevlyns; she could not be guilty of trivial spite, of petty meanness. She ruled the servants with an iron hand; but in case of their falling into sickness or trouble, she had them generously well cared for. So with respect to Rupert. It may be that she regarded him as an interloper; that she would have been better pleased were he removed far away. She had helped to deprive him of his birthright, but she did not treat him with personal unkindness; and she would have been the last to say he must go out to his daily occupation, if he felt ill or incapable of it. She deplored his ill-health, though it may have been from an interested point of view alone; but the ill-health upon him, Miss Diana was not one to ignore it, to reproach him with it, or to put hindrances in the way of his being nursed.

It was a tolerably long walk for Rupert in a morning to Blackstone. Cris Chattaway, when he chose to go over, rode on horseback; and Mr. Cris did not unfrequently choose to go over, for he had the same propensity as his father had—that of poking his nose into every petty detail, and interfering unwarrantably. In disposition, father and son were alike—mean, stingy, grasping. To save a sixpence, Chattaway would almost have sacrificed a miner's life. Improvements which other mine owners had introduced into their pits, and the working of them, Chattaway held aloof from. In his own person, however, Cris was not disposed to spare entirely. He had his horse, and he had his servant, and he favored an extensive wardrobe, and was given altogether to various little odds and ends of self-indulgence.

Yes, Cris Chattaway rode to Blackstone, with his groom behind him, sometimes, when he chose to make a dash; and Rupert Trevlyn walked. Better that the order of travelling had been reversed, for that walk, morning and evening, was not too good for Rupert in his weakly state. He would feel it particularly in an evening. It was a gradual ascent nearly all the way from Blackstone to Trevlyn Hold, almost imperceptible to a strong man, but sufficiently apparent to Rupert Trevlyn, who would be fatigued with the day's work.

Not that he had hard work to do. The sitting only on the stool at the office tired him. Another thing that tired him—and which, no doubt, was for him excessively pernicious—was the deprivation of his regular meals. Except on Sundays, or on those days when he was not well enough to leave Trevlyn Hold, he had no dinner: what he got at Blackstone was but an apology for one. The clerk, Ford, who lived at nearly as great a distance from the place as Rupert, used to cook himself a piece of steak at the office grate. But that the coals were lying about in heaps, and cost nothing, Chattaway might have objected to the fire being used for any such purpose. Rupert occasionally cooked himself some steak; but he more frequently dined upon bread and cheese, or upon some cold scraps brought from Trevlyn Hold. *It was not often that Rupert had the money necessary to buy the steak*, his supply of that indispensable commodity, the current coin of the realm, being of the most limited extent. Deprived of his dinner, deprived of his tea—tea being generally over when he got back to the Hold—that, of itself, was almost sufficient to bring on the disease feared for Rupert Trevlyn. One of sound constitution, revelling in hearty health and strength, might not have been much the worse for the deprivation in the long run; but Rupert did not come under the head of that favored class of humanity.

It was a bright day in that mellow season when the summer is merging into autumn. A few fields of the later sort of grain were lying out yet, but most of the golden store had been gathered into its barns. The sunlight glistened on the leaves of the trees, lighting up their rich tints of brown and red—tints which never come until the season of passing away.

Halting at a stile which led from a lane into a field white with stubble, were two children and a young lady. Not very much of children, either, for the younger of the two must have been thirteen. Pale girls both, with light hair, and just now a disagreeable expression of countenance. They were insisting upon crossing that stile to go through the field: one of them, in fact, was already mounted on it, and they did not like the denial that was being dealt out to them.

"You cross old thing!" cried she on the stile, turning her head to make a face at the lady who was interposing her veto. "You always object to our going where we want to go. What dislike have you to the field, pray, that we may not cross it?"

"I have no dislike to it, Emily. I am but obeying your papa's injunctions. You know he has forbidden you to go on the land of Mrs. Ryle."

She spoke in a calm tone; in a sweet, persuasive, gentle voice. She had a sweet and gentle face, too, with its delicate features, and its large blue eyes. It is Maude Trevlyn, grown into a woman. Eight years have passed since you last saw her, and she is twenty-one. In spite of her girlish and graceful figure, which scarcely reaches to the middle height, she bears about her a look of the Trevlyns. Her head is set well upon her shoulders, thrown somewhat back, as you may see in Miss Diana Trevlyn. She wore a gray flowing cloak, and a pretty blue bonnet.

"The lands are not Mrs. Ryle's," contentiously retorted the young lady on the stile. "They are papa's."

"They are Mrs. Ryle's, so long as she rents them. It is all the same. Mrs. Chattaway has forbidden you to cross them.—Come down from the stile Emily."

"I shan't. I shall jump over it."

It was ever thus. Save when in the presence of Miss Diana Trevlyn, the girls were openly rude and disobedient to Maude. Expected, though she was, to teach them, she was yet debarred from the common authority vested in a governess. And Maude could not emancipate herself: she must suffer and submit.

Emily Chattaway put her foot over the top bar of the stile, preparatory to carrying out her threat of jumping over it, when the near sound of a horse was heard, and she turned her head. Riding along the lane at a quick pace was a gentleman of some three or four-and-twenty years: a tall man, so far as could be seen, who sat his horse well. He reined in when he saw them, and bent down a pleasant face, with a pleasant smile upon it. The sun shone into his fine dark eyes, as he stooped to shake hands with Maude.

Maude's cheeks had turned to crimson.

"Quite well," she stammered, in answer to his greeting, losing her self-possession in a remarkable degree. "When did you come home?"

"Last night. I was away two days only, instead of the four anticipated. Miss Emily, you'll fall backwards if you don't mind."

"No, I shan't," said Emily. "Why did you not stay longer?"

"I found Treve away when I reached Oxford, so I came back, and got home last night—to Nora's discomfiture."

Maude looked in his face with a questioning glance. She had quite recovered her self-possession.

"Why?" she asked.

George Ryle laughed.

"Nora had turned my bed-room inside out. Nothing was in it but the boards, and they were wet. She accused me, in her vexation, of coming back on purpose."

"Did you sleep on the wet boards?" asked Emily.

"No, I slept in Treve's room. Take care, Edith!"

Maude hastily drew Edith Chattaway back. She had gone very near the horse.

"How is Mrs. Ryle?" asked Maude.—"We heard yesterday she was not well."

"She is suffering very much from a bad cold. I have scarcely seen her. Maude," he added, leaning down and speaking in a whisper, "are things any brighter?"

Again the soft color came into her face, and she cast a glance from her dark-blue eyes at his. If ever glance spoke of indignation, that did; not indignation at *him;* rather at the state of things in general—a state which he knew well.

"What change can there be?" she breathed. "Rupert is ill again," she added, in a louder tone.

"Rupert!"

"At least he is poorly, and is at home to-day. But he is better than he was yesterday—"

"Here comes Octave," interrupted Emily.

George Ryle put his horse in motion.—Shaking hands with Maude, he said a hasty good-bye to the other two, and cantered down the lane, lifting his hat to Miss Chattaway, who was coming up at right angles from the distance.

She was advancing very quickly across the common, behind the fence on the other side of the lane. A tall, thin, bony young woman, looking her full age of five or six-and-twenty, with the same dull, leaden-colored complexion as of yore, and the disagreeably sly gray eyes. She wore a puce silk paletot, as they are called, made coat-fashion, and a brown hat, a black lace falling from its shading brim: an unbecoming costume for one so tall.

"That was George Ryle!" she exclaimed, as she came up. "What brings him back already?"

"He found his brother away when he reached Oxford," was Maude's reply.

"I think he was very rude not to stop and speak to you, Octave," observed Emily Chattaway. "He saw you coming."

Octave made no reply. She mounted the stile by the side of Emily, and gazed after the horseman, apparently to see what direction he would take when he came to the end of the lane. Patiently watching, her hand shading her eyes from the sun, she saw him turn into another lane, which branched off to the left. Octave Chattaway jumped over the stile, and ran swiftly across the field.

"She's gone to meet him," was the comment of Emily.

It was precisely what Miss Chattaway *had* gone to do. Penetrating through a copse after quitting the field, she emerged from it out of breath, just as George was riding quietly past. He halted and stooped to shake hands with her, as he had done with Maude.

"You are out of breath, Octave. Have you been running to catch me?"

"I need not have run but for your great gallantry in riding off the moment you saw me," she answered, resentment in her tone.

"I beg your pardon. I did not know you wanted me. I was in a hurry."

"It seemed as if you were—by your stopping to speak so long to the children and Maude," she returned, with irony. And George Ryle's answering laugh was a conscious one.

There was an ever perpetual latent antagonism seated in the minds of them both.—There was a latent consciousness of it running through their hearts. When George Ryle saw Octave hastening across the common, he knew as surely as though he had been told it, that she was hastening to come up ere he should be gone; and when Octave saw him ride away, a sure voice whispered her that he so rode to avoid meeting her, and each felt that their secret thoughts and motives were known to the other. Yes, there was constant antagonism between them, if the word may be applied to Octave Chattaway, who had learnt to value more highly than was good for her the society of George Ryle. Did he so value hers? Octave pined out her heart hoping for it; but in the midst of her great liking for him, there arose a bitter consciousness that he did not.

"I wished to ask you about the book that you promised to get me," she said. "Have you procured it?"

"No; and I am sorry to say that I cannot meet with it," replied George. "I thought of it at Oxford, and went into every bookseller's shop in the place, unsuccessfully. I told you it was difficult to be had. I must get them to write to London for it from Barmester."

"It is an insignificant book. It costs but three-and sixpence."

"True. Its insignificance may be the explanation of its scarcity. Good afternoon, Octave."

"Will you come to the Hold this evening?" she asked, as he was riding away.

"Thank you. I am not sure that I can. My day or two's absence has made me busy."

Octave Chattaway drew back under the cover of the trees, and there halted. She did not retreat until every trace of that fine young horseman whom she was gazing after had faded from her sight in the distance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson. Editor

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE NEWS.

The latest accounts from Vicksburg do not appear to be very favorable. Still the Union forces manifest a determination which will probably ultimately prove successful. From the rebel complaints about the difficulty of supplying their forces with provisions at the great strategic points now held by them in the southwest, it is evident that if the attack be persevered in, they must finally yield to nature if not to man.

An attack on Charleston—if the reports from Hilton Head be not expressly calculated to deceive—will take place before many days. Stono Inlet is mentioned as the probable destination of four iron-clads which left Hilton Head on the 25th. Our only reason for doubting the story is the fact of the destination of the expedition being so publicly proclaimed. The troops from Florida, it is further stated, have been recalled for the same service.

There is a report from New Orleans that Pensacola was burned by the Union troops, upon evacuating that town, on the reception of orders to retain enough troops to hold the forts, and send the rest to Gen. Banks. The officers, it is said, were unable to prevent the conflagration, though doing their utmost. We hope the account will prove to be exaggerated.

The army of the Potomac, or rather of the Rappahannock, still remains quiet; though as the roads are rapidly drying, a movement is not improbable at any moment. Gen. Hooker is said to have declared himself perfectly satisfied with the condition and spirit of the army. Its baggage trains are being reduced to the least possible number and size. There are rumors that the rebels are contemplating the evacuation of Richmond—doubtless they are, as among the possibilities, perhaps even the probabilities; but we have no idea they will ever leave Virginia except at the muzzle of the Union guns, and before the points of the Union bayonets. To lose Virginia would be a loss the dispiriting effect of which upon the rebel cause would be great indeed.

UNDER NIAGARA.

The celebrated landscape painter, Mr. Church, whose "Heart of the Andes" received so much eulogy a year or two ago, has now on exhibition in this city a picture of Niagara, from drawings taken on the "Maid of the Mist." Having given this picture only one short visit, we are not prepared to speak further of its merits than to say that Mr. Church seems to us to have caught the exact hues of the falling, raging waters in all their wonderful variety. Even the floating, ever-changing mist which hangs like a veil over the face of the mighty cataract is rendered with surprising fidelity. We shall not, however, remark upon this picture at length, our principal object at present being to call the attention of our readers in this city and its vicinity to the simple fact of another of Mr. Church's paintings being upon exhibition.

THE TWO STANDARD BEARERS.—We have received a colored lithograph with this title, published by Mr. E. C. Bogia.

THE REBELLION.

As we peruse the numerous accounts from the Southern papers, all going to prove the condition of exhaustion to which the rebel states are being reduced, an anecdote occurs to us which we have frequently been reminded of during the progress of the present conflict.

It is an anecdote which our readers will remember, of the bet between the Vermonter and the Yorker that the former could throw the latter across the river. As the trial was made, and the Yorker was thrown about six feet from the wharf, and struggled out all soaked, and blue, and puffing, he proceeded to claim the stakes. "No, sir," responded the Yankee; "I didn't say I could deon it *the first time*—but I kin deou it; and I mean to, ef I have to keep on trying till to-morrow morning."

Of course the Yorker, not willing to be experimented upon for so long a period, concluded to make the best of a bad bargain, and "cave in."

Now this is precisely the case of the Rebels and the Union. The Union may not be able to conquer the Rebels "the first time"—but, like the Yankee, "it kin deou it." And it only has to keep on trying, to convince the Rebels themselves that it is better for them to own up that Uncle Sam is stronger than one-third of his sons united. For even if Uncle Sam should not quite succeed in getting them all the way across the river, he will probably succeed in giving them such a tremendous sousing that they will finally have to own up that "he kin deon it," and allow him to take the stakes.

And inasmuch as this probably will be the end of it sooner or later, we would suggest to the majority of the people of the rebel states, whose principal fault has been in allowing themselves to be misguided by ambitious leaders, to take such measures as will inaugurate a return to peace and harmony, plenty of good victuals and clothing, and their fair equality of rights and influence under the old flag and constitution.

UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Sanitary Commission relative to the names of the patients in the different Hospitals,—a matter which will be found of great interest to the friends and relatives of the wounded and the sick.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

It is not generally known that a Hospital Directory has been established in connection with the Sanitary Commission, by which the relatives of the sick and wounded soldier may learn where to find him. "By application at New York, Philadelphia, Washington or Louisville, news of every man in the hospitals may be obtained. Its loving care, hand in hand with the Government, follows him to the field, and does not lose sight of him even when discharged; for it volunteers to collect his pay, and, in fact, puts him through in whichever direction destiny points. If the public and the press would but continue to the Commission the constant love which the Commission bears to the soldier, its supplies would not run so low. How little is now in reserve for the next battle! With what remorse will every man and woman regret the indifference of the present hour, when garments and various comforts are suddenly required! Heretofore, hundreds of boxes were always ready for shipment—now everything is lacking." The great rise in the price of material is one cause of this falling off; and this should render more imperative the duty of concentrating and sending through the most efficient channel all the stores which our loyal women furnish. If the various Aid Societies would unite in making the Commission almoner of their supplies, how grand would be the result! They would then be able to meet every demand made upon them; and there is no estimating the amount of suffering they could relieve, for their stores would be almost exhaustless.

Another cause of this falling off is in the weariness consequent upon this protracted war. But in the language of the President of the Commission, "*As long as the men fight the women must knit and sew*, and the friends at home furnish means to alleviate the sorrows and wants of the camps and hospitals. Whatever you may have hitherto been doing, from this time consider how you can best and most surely reach the suffering soldier, where he is most exposed and most forgotten. Do not delay and do not abandon your efforts after a short time. You must enlist in the work for the war. It is the woman's part in the patriotic struggle we are in. I can only invoke the pecuniary aid of the men and the supply of Hospital-clothing from the women—sure that this is the most direct, humane, efficient and fixed channel through which the good will and Christian care of the people can flow to sick and wounded patriots in the field."

Again. "Nothing short of the free contributions of every family, hamlet, village, church and community throughout the loyal states, continued as long as the war continues, can avail to meet this never-ending, always increasing drain. It is the little springs of fireside labor oozing into the rills of village industry, these agencies, [illegible] the streams of county beneficence, [illegible] in state or larger movements, flowing together into the rivers which [illegible] into one great national [illegible] which could alone [illegible] outflow of assistance. [illegible] Commission is lent [illegible] ed soldiers."

The objection has been [illegible] this Commission that its work is "philanthropic." The President [illegible] hope this impeachment is well founded. We want to keep the souls of the soldiers in their bodies, that we may send them safe and sound home to their Christian friends and their familiar pastors. We *do* lose no opportunity of circulating good reading, religious and otherwise, and I believe our work, though not missionary, is done in the Christian spirit, from Christian impulse and with a Christian interest. I suspect we reach the souls of the soldiers (certainly their hearts) by this earnest, patient, self-sacrificing care we exhibit for their bodily comfort and solace. My own impression is that War, the Camp and the Hospital afford very imperfect opportunities for a purely spiritual work. It requires a very wise head to influence them religiously—except by a good Christian example. This, we mean always to give them, and as much more as we can. None who know our work, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, zeal and tenderness in which it is carried on by our agents—all carefully selected Christian men—could for an instant think of stigmatizing it as wanting a *religious character*. We will try to show our faith by our works—and when the war is over, it may safely be left to the nation and the world to say, which exerted the best *total* influence on the army, those who aimed at their souls *direct*, or those who aimed at their souls through their bodies." In connection with this reply we give a portion of a letter written by one of the volunteer agents of the Commission, who went out to the relief of the wounded after a battle, Mr. Wm. W. Hague:—

"I held service last Sabbath between the two rows of tents, where most could see and hear. It was very welcome to them. The Bible and prayer-book can now be found in nearly every tent. On the hill-side, across the road may be seen a long row of graves of those who have died here. A little board, with the name, regiment, and state, of the occupant of each grave, is at the head. Nearly every day one is carried there, adding continually to the number of those who have given to their country their most precious offering—life.

"To-day I have to write to a poor mother far away on the hills of New England, and give her the information that her boy has *gone to his resting-place*. Like most every soldier he had but two or three things to send her. His little pocket Bible, with his mother's likeness sealed to the cover, his comb, three letters, the medal of his regiment. These were all the remembrances left for her."

And now, if the women of Pennsylvania respond as nobly to the call made upon them by the Sanitary Commission, as the women of Philadelphia have done, their stores will be speedily and amply replenished.

The rooms at 1307 Chestnut Street are well worth a visit from all interested. The rent of the Women's Branch has been paid by ten gentlemen of this city, whose public spirit and patriotism entitle them to be considered as especial patrons of the undertaking. By their liberality, success is insured from the commencement. They have the gratitude of the ladies whom they have assisted; for there will now be no more discouraging voices raised to dampen the ardor of the new enterprise. The women of Philadelphia depend upon their sisters throughout Pennsylvania for an amount of supplies, sufficient to keep many busy hands employed daily in the work of unpacking, assorting, stamping and repacking, and invite any one visiting the city to call and witness the mode of work.

☞ A very striking picture of charity and compassion occurs in Hood's Widow Bailed:

"Oh, prithee, tell, good sentinel,
If hereabouts he lies—
I want a corpse with reddish hair,
And very sweet blue eyes."

Her sorrow on the [illegible]
Appeased to [illegible] strike;
"Walk in," he said, "among the dead,
And pick out which you like."]

☞ A Lowell soldier writes home:—"I think, when I come home, it will be utterly impossible for me to presume to think of sleeping in a bed, but I shall have to take up my quarters in the yard, with no covering but my blanket. I call myself some at the wash-tub, and shall be willing to take my turn at that when I return. Darning stockings is the greatest trial I endure."

☞ MISTAKEN ECONOMY.—No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune for a child, starves his intellect and impoverishes his heart. There should be no economy in education. Money should never be weighed against the soul of a child. It should be poured out like water for the child's intellectual and moral life.—*Dr. Channing.*

☞ The insurrection in Poland extends over a territory about five times as large as Pennsylvania, having a population of over thirteen millions.

...RIA'S DAILY LIFE

...'s Magazine, for April, contains the ...g article by Mr. J. T. Siddons, which ...e sure will be enjoyed by our readers. ...r. Siddons is a relative of the great actress, ...and his articles about English celebrities ...are among the most interesting lately found ...

...EEN'S DAY.

...s attached to the British ...enominated the "Gentle... ...ey do not absolutely form ...n of the sovereign, that title ...opolized by the "Yeomen of the ...d," commonly called the "Beef-eaters" —an old corruption of *Buffetiers*. But their duty is nevertheless to defend the Queen's person against all possible attacks when she holds a Court at Windsor or Buckingham Palace. This *garde du corps* consists of forty "gentlemen"—that is, according to the aristocratic reading of English society, persons who have never been in trade. There is a captain, a lieutenant, and two or three other officers. The gentlemen pay £1,300 for their commission, and receive each £100 per annum. They wear a scarlet coat and white buckskin breeches, a steel breast-plate, gauntlets, a helmet, and jack boots. They are armed with sword and spear; and thus attired and accoutred they line the staircase and the throne-room or reception-room when the Queen receives her devoted subjects. I once held one of these commissions; and after, by selling the commission which I had bought, I had relinquished the weary privilege of standing bolt upright for four hours in the presence of the Sovereign and the Court, I held a small appointment in the royal household. These circumstances familiarized me with the usages of the Queen, and impressed me deeply with a sense of her Majesty's method, industry, kindness, intelligence, and high notions of duty.

An idea naturally prevails among the multitude that the life of a sovereign is a life of luxurious idleness. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," was predicated of a British King in the days of despotism, but has no application to the head which is continually occupied with considerations of public good.

Queen Victoria—I speak of her in the present tense, though it is now four years since I was an inmate of the palace—rises at half-past six o'clock in the summer, and *half-past seven in the winter*. After the toilet and *morning service in the chapel* of the palace, she breakfasts. Coffee, bread, butter, eggs, and cold meat constitute the usual repast. One or two ladies in waiting and an equerry have the privilege of partaking the morning meal with the royal family. Breakfast over, the Queen sallies forth to walk on the slopes at Windsor, or in the garden of the palace, and generally visits, when at Windsor, the farm or aviary, *looking at her horses and examining the aquarium*.

Re-entering her dwelling, she goes into the nursery or the rooms in which the Princes and Princesses are going through their studies; then glancing at the Times and Morning Post, she enters her library and receives the Master of the Household. This officer lays before her Majesty a memorandum of all the letters and applications he has received addressed to the Queen, and reports how he has disposed of them. He is allowed a considerable latitude in regard to the dispensation of the monarch's charities; for, of course, the Queen cannot herself institute inquiries into the deserts of the numerous applicants. On the departure of the Master of the Household the Lord Steward's deputy enters to receive orders as to the invitations that shall be issued to persons of merit and distinction to visit her Majesty. These persons arrive to dine on one day, remain all the next day enjoying the individual attentions of one or other of the members of the household, and return home on the third day. These three days are called the days of "Rest," "Reception," and "Departure."

At eleven o'clock the despatch boxes of the principal Secretaries of State arrive or are brought by the Ministers themselves. There is one from the Foreign Minister, one from the War Minister, one from the Lords of the Admiralty, and one from the Home Secretary, with a supplement box from the Premier, who is either First Lord to the Treasury or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The box of the Foreign Secretary receives primary attention. It contains a *precis*, carefully written and signed by the Secretary or one of the Under Secretaries, of all the correspondence that has recently taken place with foreign powers, together with drafts of the supplies which it is proposed to send. If any knotty question is at issue the Queen will probably desire to see the original despatches, if her wish in this respect has not been anticipated. It is a fiction to say that a constitutional sovereign "can do no wrong." In her alone is vested the power to declare war and make peace, though the responsibility is borne by the Premier. Hence it becomes her duty to watch the progress of every discussion, and to stop, ere it be too late, the adoption of any policy which may compromise the peace of the nation.

The Foreign Secretary's box being closed that of the War Minister receives attention. This box, in time of peace, contains a report of all that has been done in respect to new military inventions, and alterations in the clothing and equipment of the troops; recommendations of certain general officers for important military commands, staff situations, or colonial governments; and a list of all the promotions and appointments it is proposed to make. These latter are inscribed on large sheets of paper, and if there is nothing objectionable in any of the candidates for preferment, the Queen attaches her sign-manual to each sheet. The Lords of the Admiralty make a communication corresponding with that of the War Secretary.

The Home Secretary's box contains warrants and patents for the Queen's signature, which warrants confer judicial or ecclesiastical appointments upon the higher members of the bar and the clergy, or are the signal for the execution of great criminals. It is always a subject of deep sorrow to the Queen when the Home Secretary does not see reason for recommending her to exercise the Royal prerogative of mercy. To consign a fellow creature to eternity is revolting to her Christian spirit, and especially when that fellow-creature is a woman. Indeed, since the last paroxysm of anguish which the Queen endured on this account it has been customary to assume that a murderess is a lunatic, and to confine her for life.

The public affairs of the nation at an end, the Queen now receives visitors, who have been specially invited, or persons who have been honored with her "commanda" to attend at the Palace. Among these latter are artists and publishers, who have rare and novel works to show to Her Majesty, or her likeness to take; persons intrusted with presents for the aviary, foreigners with special introductions from their own sovereigns, tradesmen with articles which the Queen is desirous of purchasing, and so forth. After these folks have been dismissed, the royal family take their lunch, at which the Queen eats and drinks heartily. The horses and carriages are then brought to the door, and Her Majesty either rides or drives out for three or four hours, frequently taking the opportunity of visiting some of the nobility, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Inverness, or even (in the country) poor but worthy people who are confined by sickness. Her Majesty's kindness to the suffering of her own sex is proverbial. It is on record that when Mrs. Warner, a tragic actress of excellent character, was ill of a disease which ultimately carried her to her grave, the Queen sent a carriage every day that she might have the advantage of pure air. On her return home the Queen spends an hour in her private boudoir or library, and then dresses for dinner.

A dinner at the palace has always been a very stately, dreary, tedious affair. The table service is of course superb—gold plate, Sevres porcelain, alabaster vases, flowers, brilliant chandeliers, servants in scarlet coats and powdered heads, a military band performing in an ante-room, and many ladies and gentlemen at table in full dress costume. A profound silence reigns throughout the meal, only broken by the voice of the Queen, addressing herself to one or other of the guests, who are expected to limit themselves to a direct reply. General conversation is carried on in whispers only. A great variety of wines are drank at the royal table, the Queen and Prince Albert confining themselves chiefly to German (Rhine) wines.

After dinner the party adjourns to the drawing-rooms, and there the Queen casts aside all ceremony, and gives herself up to innocent pleasures, and the promotion of the enjoyment of her guests and family. If the party be not large, a chamber concert or a dance is improvised, the Queen herself taking a prominent part in the singing and dancing. The objects of interest to the stranger in the suit of drawing-rooms are numerous, and the Queen is not slow to invite attention to and explain them—a hospitable office, in which she is cordially sustained by the Princes and Princesses, and the ladies and noblemen of the household. There are magnificent vases; statues of marble, bronze, and alabaster; glorious pictures by the first masters, ancient and modern; portfolios of engravings, musical instruments, curious articles of *sortu*, &c. All is life and *abandon*. At half-past eleven, or earlier, the Queen retires, gracefully courtesying to the company, the ladies-in-waiting and the lady guests acknowledging the obeisance by sinking to the very ground.

Such, briefly sketched, is an ordinary Queen's day. Circumstances occasionally happen to vary the routine. There is a review of twenty thousand soldiers at Aldershott, or of forty thousand volunteers in Hyde Park, or of a fleet at Spithead. There is a *fete* at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, a Chapter of the Garter or Bath to be held, a cup race at Ascot to be seen, an exhibition of pictures by the Royal Academicians to be visited, Parliament to be opened or prorogued, or a drawing-room to be held.

A "Drawing-Room" at St. James's Palace is a grand affair. It is then that the aristocracy makes its greatest display. The exquisite beauty of the youthful ladies who are to be presented is exhibited to the greatest advantage; the warmth of the weather (it is May) admitting of the dresses being worn very low; the dowagers blaze with the family diamonds; the major part of the noblemen and gentlemen rejoice in military or naval attire; the Ambassadors and Ministers are grand in their gold-laced coats, swords and bags; the Guards are in their newest uniform; the carriages are of every hue, the panels emblazoned with rich coats of arms, and the hammer-cloths composed of embroidered velvet or costly woolen fabrics—the coachmen and servants are all velveteen, plush, silk stockings, powdered wigs, and vast bouquets; and the proud horses, caparisoned with silvered harness, snort and paw the ground, challenging a part of the admiration bestowed by the thousands who crowd the streets near the palace upon the vehicles and their handsome occupants.

An introduction to the British Court—in other words, a presentation to the Queen, which does not always carry the presented beyond the precincts of the Court—is effected after this wise: A person desirous of being presented seeks the favor of some nobleman or titled lady who has already enjoyed the privilege. He or she writes on two cards the name of the person to be presented and that of the introducer. One of these cards is retained by the Lord Chamberlain, the other is laid before the Queen, that if either of the individuals named be objectionable, her Majesty may express her disinclination to receive the party. A gentleman must be presented at a "Levee" before he can be admitted to a "Drawing-Room." The Levee is held by the highest Prince in the realm. If, after presentation, it should be discovered that there is a flaw in the character of the individual who has been introduced at Court, a notice appears in the London Gazette, signed by the Lord Chamberlain, to this effect: "The presentation of ———, on such a day, at her Majesty's Drawing-Room, held at St. James's Palace, was a mistake; and such presentation is not to be considered as having taken place." Such advertisements are of rare occurrence. Only two have appeared in twenty years.

On the Drawing-Room day the Queen, surrounded by the other members of the Royal family and the great officers of state takes up her place under a dias, or throne canopy, and the company passes before her. The ladies courtesy to the earth; the gentlemen fall on one knee, and kiss the Queen's hand—all parties backing out through a door opposite to that by which they entered. That same "backing out" is a troublesome process, especially to the fair sex, whose trains are long and therefore embarrassing.

On the night of the third and last drawing-room, which is generally held on the Queen's birth-day, many of the ladies go to the opera in the dresses they have worn at the drawing-room. The *coup d'œil* then *presented from the stage is superb!* The glitter of the diamonds, softened by the waving ostrich plumes and marabouts; the richness of the silks, brought out vividly by the light of five hundred jets of gas; and, above all, the health and loveliness of a thousand young faces, present a picture *which, once seen, is never forgotten*. To see it to the best advantage, one should volunteer to join the throng upon the stage who sing the National Anthem on such occasions. Managers of opera-houses are not the most accommodating people in the world, but there are keys of silver and keys of gold that will open wide the most stubborn portals that ever were constructed to keep out the curious and the vulgar.

Such is an outline of the manner in which the British sovereign passes her days in London or at Windsor. When the summer arrives her Majesty betakes herself to her beautiful marine abode in the Isle of Wight, and gives herself up to domestic enjoyment. Parliament is then "up;" the members scatter themselves all over the world, and the ministers of state retire to their country houses. In the autumn the Queen has hitherto gone down to her estate in Scotland. Contiguous to Balmoral is some fine deer-stalking, a manly sport, in which the late Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales particularly delighted. The poor Highlanders in the vicinity of Balmoral, like the poor people in the Isle of Wight, always look forward with delight to her Majesty's advent, for then they taste of royal beneficence administered with no niggard hand.

☞ The rebels are fond of talking about "Yankee tricks," yet in this war they have shown themselves adepts in the art of trickery, and have entirely out-tricked the Yankees. They have deceived our troops by wearing our uniforms, carrying our colors, and resorted to every device of perfidy and treachery, such as the meanest Yankee in creation never dreamed of.

☞ Naval warfare, since the introduction of iron-clads, is getting to be a very cool affair. While the big guns of Fort McAllister were pounding away at our Monitors the officers and men dined with their usual nonchalance, and afterwards smoked their cheroots and merchaums behind the revolving towers, against which heavy shot were constantly falling, with as much coolness and composure as if Fort McAllister had been a thousand miles away.

☞ Parson Brownlow realized from the sale of his book within ninety days over $17,000, which sum was paid over to him by the Philadelphia publisher, George W. Childs.

☞ A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and, in a jocular way, said, "Do not let any one else rumple it." "No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

THE INDIAN'S VIEW OF AGRICULTURE.

We doubt if a better argument for improved agriculture can be given, than is found in the speech of an Indian chief to his tribe at the West. It ran thus:

"Do you not see the whites living on seed, while we eat flesh? That the flesh requires more than thirty moons to grow up, and is then often scarce? That each of the wonderful seeds they sow in the earth returns them a hundred fold? That the flesh on which we must subsist has four legs to escape us, while we have but two to pursue and capture it? That the grain remains where the white man sows it, and grows? That winter with us is the time for laborious hunting—to them a period of rest? For these reasons they have so many children, and live longer than we do. I say, therefore, unto every one that will hear me, that before the cedars of our village shall have ceased to give us sugar, the race of the little corn-sowers will have exterminated the race of the flesh-eaters, provided their huntsmen do not resolve to become sowers."

History shows the truth of these prophetic words.

MIGRATION OF EELS.

A close observer states that the following interesting evolutions occur when eels come in from the sea. The aggregate shoal, about to ascend the inland streams, moves up the shore of the river, in the form of a long, dark, rope-like body, in shape not unlike an enormous specimen of the animal which composes it. On reaching the first tributary, a portion, consisting of the number of eels adequate for peopling this stream, detach themselves from the main body, and pass up; and in the subsequent onward passage of the shoal, this marvellous system of detaching, on reaching the mouths of brooks, a proportionate quantity of the great advancing swarm, is repeated, until the entire number has been suitably provided with rivulets to revel in—such being the wonderful instinct by which nature ordains that each stream shall be provided with a competent number of these migratory creatures.

OUR MOTHER EARTH.

Not on a path of reprobation,
The trembling earth. God's eye doth follow her
With far more love than doth her maid, the moon.
Speak no harsh words of earth; she is our mother,
And few of us, her sons, who have not added
A wrinkle to her brow. She gave us birth;
We drew our nurture from her ample breast;
And there is coming for us both an hour
When we shall pray that she will ope her arms
And take us back again.—Alex. Smith.

☞ Be honest, and true, and right, and just, because it will pay you in your outward thrift in the world; but if it would not, it is worth your while to be so for the sake of *what the effect* will be on your inward nature, and in the world to come.

☞ The elders of T. Starr King's church once wrote him a note, saying that unless he abandoned a certain style of preaching, the church would lose many of its most respectable members. He read it aloud, and said if any more such epistles were sent to him, the church would lose its most respectable minister.

☞ A pathetic camp writer, eulogizing one of our glorious women, employed in her ministry to the poor soldiers, says:—"I thought that night if Heaven ever sent out out a homely angel she must be one, her assistance was so timely." A "homely angel" is good.

☞ A fraction of the future, added to this present, and how softly it sleeps in the consoling bosom of the past. Yonder, how blue, how beautiful the distant, ever longed-for horizon; if thou wert there, so blue, so beautiful should it seem in this dark horizon.

☞ At New Canaan, Connecticut, a few days ago, as Rev. Mr. Barron, a Universalist minister, rose from the sofa to pronounce the benediction, the chimney, weighing perhaps a ton, fell through the ceiling and crushed through the sofa down to the ground, crushing the Bible. Mr. Barron was hit by some of the splinters and fragments, but escaped with his life.

☞ Heavenly Visitants.—We need not doubt the fact that angels whose home is heaven, visit our earth and bear a part in our transactions; and we have good reason to believe that, if we obtain admission into heaven, we shall still have opportunity, not only to return to earth, but to view the operation of God in distant spheres, and be His ministers in other worlds.—*Channing*.

☞ Speculation.—A laborer put his hand-cart up for sale, in shares, last week, and the stock advanced so rapidly that he realized enough to buy a horse and wagon in twenty-four hours.

☞ Superficial thinkers have generally much fluency of language. It is on this account that they are so often good speakers.

☞ Uncertainty of Wishes.—I respect the man who distinctly knows what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to build a hut.—*Goethe*.

☞ Dr. Windship, the strong man, still goes on lifting. He can now raise twenty-five hundred pounds.

THE CHARLESTON EXPEDITION.

The New Haven Palladium, of Wednesday last publishes the following extract from a private letter, dated—

"Beaufort, S. C., March 14, 1863.—We have been at work for the last month getting things ready (for the expedition,) and have still some weeks more on hand. When ready it will be one of the most formidable expeditions ever got up. Since the successful trials the iron-clads have had at Fort McAllister, both by solid shot of great force and by torpedoes, we have every faith in their ability to enter Charleston harbor. Admiral Dupont expects to take thirteen of these iron-clads into Charleston, among the rest the great *Ironsides;* besides which he will take the wooden fleet that captured Port Royal, nearly fifty vessels in all. A land force of at least twenty-five thousand men will accompany the fleet, well provided with transports and the necessary lighters, flats, and surf boats for landing and making a sudden attack.

"The siege train to be taken is probably the heaviest ever used by any army in the world, although not in number as extensive as the train in the Army of the Potomac. We have 8, 10, 13, and 15-inch mortars; 8 and 10-inch columbiads; 24, 32, 42, and 68-pounder Parrot rifles, with any quantity of smaller field artillery. These rifled guns, especially the Parrott 100 and 300-pounders, are good for a range of five miles. It is not proposed to use them over 3,500 yards, which will be the greatest distance we shall be obliged to throw a shot. This distance is easily within the range of all the pieces previously mentioned, and the rifled pieces are able to hit a place of twenty yards square every time at that distance (nearly two miles.) So much for the preparations. We here see no chance for a failure, and confidently assert that Charleston will be ours soon. Ammunition sufficient for three weeks' continual firing is to be carried for both the fleet and siege train, so that there will be one long-continued roar when we get to work. We are anxiously waiting for the work to begin.

NEWS ITEMS.

Among the refugees who applied to come into our lines near Union Mills, within a day or two, was the wife of Jackson, the murderer of Ellsworth. She says she is destitute, and now comes to us for charity to sustain life. She was willing to take the oath of allegiance.

The Republicans have carried Rhode Island by 3,000 majority. They get the Governor, two Congressmen, and a large majority of the Legislature.

Jeff. Davis's Eyes.—A correspondent of the Montgomery Advertiser, writing from Richmond on the 23d ult., says that President Davis has been confined to his house for two weeks, and is a great sufferer. An abscess has been formed on his temple, next to his sound eye, and it is feared by his friends that he will lose the sight of that eye also.

On the 1st of April, the entire indebtedness of the Government, including requisitions, United States notes, certificates and bonded debts, was nine hundred and twenty-nine millions, at an average interest of three and one-third per cent. There are three hundred and forty-five millions of treasury notes out, bearing no interest. This we have from official authority.

The last news from Poland is unfavorable to the cause of the revolutionists, a desperate battle having taken place, in which Lanziewicz is reported to have been badly whipped, and to have suffered a loss of four hundred killed, and fifty-four prisoners. A despatch from Cracow, dated March 20, states that the insurgents were rallying at Vizlitza.

Government Revenues.—The income of the Government from duties, taxation, and sale of bonds is now fully up to the working current expenses. The average income for the last two weeks is $2,155 000 per day from all the sources mentioned. The internal revenue already foots up $32,000,000, and the income tax is not reached. Railroad corporations have not yet made payment of their taxes to any considerable amount. The Government averages $300,000 income in gold per day from duties on the Atlantic coast. California pays three millions in gold annually in foreign duties, and nearly one-half of the internal revenue from that state is paid in gold.

☞ A debating club in Worcester lately discussed the important question: "Whether a rooster's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct?"

☞ It is understood that all the females at present employed in the Treasury Department will be discharged within a few weeks, their services being no longer required.

☞ In the town of Berger, in Prussia, is an elegant church, capable of holding one thousand persons, constructed—statues and all—of papier mache.

☞ Gen. Hooker and Medical Director Letterman pronounce the army of the Potomac the healthiest army the world has ever known. From positive information, the mortality in the rebel army is known to be nearly 75 per cent. greater than that of the Union army.

☞ The Government made $430 by the death of Nicholas Longworth. It took that amount of stamps to execute his will.

☞ England is so much grieved at our domestic troubles, that she gives vent to it in *fitting private tears*.

☞ The copper shoe-tips, now so extensively used for children's shoes, are manufactured at Lewistown, Me. Three million pairs of tips are turned out annually at the factory.

☞ One dress of the Princess of Wales will cost $8,000. It is made almost entirely of the finest lace.

☞ Think of paying sixty dollars for a pair of boots—that's what they do in Richmond.

☞ A lady asked a gentleman the other day why so many tall gentlemen were bachelors? The reply was, "that they were obliged to lie cornerwise in bed to keep their feet in, and that a wife would be in the way."

LATEST NEWS.

Fortress Monroe, April 5.—Yesterday's Richmond Dispatch says that Pensacola was fired by the Union soldiers about the 23d ult., and most of the town destroyed. The soldiers are going to reinforce Gen. Banks.

Stirring News from South Carolina.

The enemy have landed in force on Seabrook or John's Island. Three gunboats and several transports are lying off the island. Skirmishing has already taken place between ours and the enemy's pickets. Our pickets are driven in, and the Federals are advancing.

General Hagood has ordered all the women and children and non-combatants removed from Adams's Run, which is twenty miles from Seabrook Island.

Miscellaneous.

There are reports that a large force of rebels have been drawn to the rear of Vicksburg, in anticipation of an attack by way of Yazoo Pass or Haines's Bluff. The heavy guns in front of Vicksburg have been substituted by Quakers.

The rebel gunboat Vicksburg, which was badly damaged some time since, on her first trip down the river, broke from her moorings recently, floated down the river, and was captured by one of Admiral Farragut's vessels.

Gen. Grant has located a battery of heavy guns on the point opposite Vicksburg, in such a position that the city can easily be shelled. A late report says that shelling had commenced.

The town of Lake Providence is reported to be nearly submerged from the effects of the cutting of the levees and the opening of the Lake Providence canal.

The late attempt upon Haines's Bluff is said to be a failure. The attack on Fort Pemberton had been commenced, but the result is not known.

A brilliant skirmish had occurred on the 1st inst., near Woodbury, not far from Murfreesboro'. A force of cavalry had been sent out to capture a large party of rebels. The rebels, about six hundred strong, were badly whipped and thoroughly scattered.

Gov. Tod, of Ohio, has been arrested and held to answer on a charge of kidnapping Dr. Olds.

The rebels are getting up a peace party in the South, headed by Henry S. Foote.

☞ I thank my Heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love; I thank Him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with a blessing.—*Mrs. Child.*

☞ In a speech at Manchester, New Hampshire, the other day, the Hon. Wm. A. Howard, in alluding to our national debt, and the products of our dairy, set down in the census at $125,000 000 a year, remarked that *in ten years our women can churn this debt all out!*

☞ A distiller in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has had his stock of whiskey (two hundred barrels) seized for attempting to defraud the Government in the matter of tax. The penalty is $500 per barrel. The total amount of the fine is $100,000. The amount is said to be more than twice the amount the offender is worth.

☞ In comparing European wars with our own, a statistical writer commenting on some of the dreadful losses in Virginia, says that "in *two regiments only* out of the whole British army engaged at Waterloo, did the numbers of the rank and file killed exceed one hundred. The Twenty-Seventh lost one-hundred and three men, and the third battalion of the First Foot Guards, one hundred and one."

☞ Quite a Cake.—The wedding cake of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra stood five feet and a half high, and at the base was two and a half broad.

☞ First a fine gown, and then a fine man to admire it, is the order of a young lady's wishes.

☞ "A beautiful day!" said Quilp, the other morning, radiant with sunshine and fine spirits, and quite indifferent to the sloppy walking. "Yes," answered a fellow-pedestrian, "very beautiful—above the street." "Of course," said Quilp, "and isn't that enough? Because the gods send us a fine day, would you have them run the thing into the ground? Don't be unreasonable?"

☞ Dried beef is used by the Mexicans as rations for their soldiers. It is much better than fat pork or briny beef.

☞ Why are there, strictly speaking, only 325 days in the year? Because 40 days are *Lent* and never returned.

☞ The editor of the New Orleans Times says the corsets worn by the ladies of that city will bear a monstrous strain, judging from a lady he saw, who was so nearly cut in two that a man might be amenable for bigamy should he marry her.

☞ A Lucky Fall.—An English footman has just fallen heir to $325,000.

☞ It is said that under the new tax law the annual tax of A. T. Stewart, the New York dry goods man, will be about $20,000!

☞ Nineteen Federal and twenty-one Rebel generals have been killed in battle or died from the effects of wounds since the commencement of the war.

☞ The late Major-General Sumner rose from the ranks, having entered the army as a private in 1819.

☞ Land has been found in lower California covered with a luxuriant growth of wild cotton, and well watered and wooded.

☞ "Anything to please the child," the nurse said, when she let the baby crawl out of the third-story window.

☞ What are the points of difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald head, and a gorilla; the Prince is heir apparent, an orphan has no parents, a bald head has no hair apparent, and a gorilla has a hairy parent.

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

BY MISS CAROLINE M. KING.

The moon looked down, and what did it see?
A deep vow breathed betwixt you and me:
One, a girl in her fair spring-time;
One, a man in his earnest prime.
A vow of friendship, and faith, and truth,
That should keep through years the pledge of youth.

The moon looks down, and what does it see?
A broken vow between you and me.
Careless words and a whispering tongue
A veil of doubt o'er the heart have flung;
Weakness in you, and pride in me;
Two separate paths where one should be.

The moon will look down, and what will it see?
Two graves, two stones, for you and me.
Sad that immortal souls can play
With love, as a toy to be cast away!
Hard to get, and harder to keep!
This is the sight that makes angels weep.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF THE PAST.

The history of George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane was the history of many men whose lot was to shine in that brilliant orbit of which George, Prince Regent, was the ruling star. Around that dazzling royal planet how many smaller lights revolved, twinkling in humble emulation of their Prince's glory. What were fortune, friends, children, wives or creditors, when weighed in the balance, if the royal favor, the princely smile hung on the other side of the scale? If George the Fourth was pleased to bring ruin upon himself and his creditors, how should his friends and associates do less?—Looking backward at the spurious glitter, the mock splendor, the hollow delight of that wonderful age which is so near us in point of time, so far away from us by reason of the wide differences which divide to-day from that foolish yesterday, we can of course afford to be very wise, and can clearly see what a very witch's sabbath was that long revelry in which the fourth George of England led the dance. But who shall doubt that the dancers themselves saw the fantastic caperings of their leader in a very different light, and looked upon their model as worthy of all mortal praise and imitation.

The men of that frivolous era seem to have abandoned themselves to unmanly weakness, and followed the fashion set them by the fat and pale-faced Royal Adonis, as blindly as the women of to-day emulate the Imperial caprices of the Tuileries, sacrificing themselves as burnt offerings to the Moloch of fashion, in obedience to the laws made by a lady who lives in a palace; and who, when she wears her silken robe three yards in length and six in circumference, can scarcely be expected to foresee the nervous tortures by-and-bye to be endured by Mr. John Smith, of Peckham Rye, whose wife will insist on having a hoop and train *at loojence*, and sweeping her superabundant skirts into the fender and across the back of the grate every time she steers her difficult way about the worthy Smith's fourteen feet by twelve front parlor.

Yes, if Cleopatra melts pearls in her wine, and sails in a galley of gold, we must have sham jewels to dissolve in our inferior vintages, and sham gold to adorn our galleys. If Pericles, or Charles, or George, affects splendor and ruin, the Prince's devoted subjects must ruin themselves also, never letting their master see anything but smiling faces amid the general wreck, and utterly heedless of such minor considerations as wives and children, creditors and friends.

George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane ruined himself with a grace that was only second to that of his royal model. He began life with a fair estate left him by his father, and having contrived to squander the best part of his patrimony within a few years of his coming of age, was so lucky as to marry the only daughter and heiress of a rich banker, thereby acquiring a second fortune just at that critical moment when the first was on the verge of exhaustion. He was not a bad husband to the simple girl who loved and worshipped him with a foolishly confiding worship. It was not in his nature to be wilfully bad to anybody, for he was of a genial, generous spirit, with warm affections for those who pleased him and ministered to his happiness. He introduced his young wife to very brilliant people, and led her into sacred and inner circles whither her father the banker could never have taken her; but he squandered her money foolishly and recklessly. He broke down the bulwarks of parchment with which the lawyers had hoped to protect her fortune. He made light of the settlements which were to provide for the future of his children. They were only blooming and beautiful young creatures in cambric frocks and blue sashes; and surely, Mr. Vane urged, they had nothing to complain of, for hadn't they splendid apartments and costly dresses, nurses, governesses, masters, carriages, ponies, and indulgences of every kind? What did they want then, or in what manner did he fail in his duty towards those innocent darlings?—Had not his Royal Highness, the Duke of Kent himself, come to Vandeleur to stand sponsor for Edward George? Had not Hortensia Georgina received her second name after the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, in whose lovely arms she had been dandled when only a fortnight old.

Were there any earthly honors or splendors, within the limit of reasonable desire, which George Vane had failed to procure for his wife and children?

The gentle lady was fain to answer this question in the negative, and to accept it for what it was not; namely, an answer to the questions *she* had ventured to ask touching the future of those unconscious children. Mr. Vane could always persuade his simple wife to sign away any of those parchment defences the lawyers had devised for her protection; and when after an elegant little *tete-a-tete* dinner, in the arrangement of which the *chef* had displayed his most consummate skill, the affectionate husband produced a diamond bracelet, or an emerald heart, from its morocco casket, and clasped the jewel upon his wife's slender arm, or hung it round her delicate throat, with the tears glistening in his handsome blue eyes, gentle Margaret Vane forgot the sacrifices of the morning, and all those shadowy doubts which were wont to torment her when she contemplated the future.

Then, again, Mr. Vane had an unfailing excuse for present imprudence in the expectation of a third fortune, which was to come to him from his bachelor uncle and godfather, Sir Milwood Mowbray., of Mowbray Castle, York; so there were no vulgar retrenchments either at Vandeleur Park or in Berkeley Square, and when Sir Milwood's fortune did come, in the due course of life and death, to his nephew's hands, it only came just in time to stave off the ruin that threatened George Vane's household.

If Mr. Vane had then taken his wife's advice, all might have been well; but the Mowbray fortune seemed like the other two fortunes, quite inexhaustible, the sanguine gentleman forgetting that he was in debt to full half its amount. The French *chef* still prepared dinners which might have made Oude himself tremble for his laurels; the German governess and the Parisian lady's-maids still attended upon Mr. Vane's daughters; the old career of extravagance went on. George Vane carried his family to the continent, and plunged them into new gaieties at the court of the restored Louis. He sent his daughters to the most expensive finishing school in Paris, that very Madame Marly's of whom mention has been made in the last chapter. He took them to Italy and Switzerland. He hired a villady the lake of Como; a chateau on the borders of Lausanne. He followed the footsteps of Byron and D'Orsay, Madame de Stael and Lady Blessington; he affected art, literature, and music. He indulged his children's every caprice, he gratified their wildest fancies. It was only when the sons saw themselves penniless and professionless, with the great battle of life all before them, and with no weapons wherewith to fight; and the daughters found themselves left portionless to win the best husbands they might in the matrimonial lottery; it was only at this crisis that these ungrateful children turned round upon poor indulgent Lear, and reproached him for the extravagances they had helped him to perpetrate.

This was a cruelty which George Vane could never bring himself to comprehend. Had he denied them anything, these heartless children, that they should turn upon him now in his old age—it would have been rather a dangerous thing for anyone else to have alluded to his age, though he spoke freely enough of his gray hairs when bewailing his wrongs—and be angry with him, because he could not give them fortunes? This thanklessness was worse than a serpent's tooth. It was now that Mr. Vane began to quote "King Lear," piteously likening himself to that too confiding monarch.

But he was sixty years old now, and had lived his life. His gentle and trusting wife had died ten years before, his money was gone, and of all his six children there was not one who would say a word in his defence. The most affectionate and dutiful of them were only silent, and thought they did much in withholding their reproaches. So he let them go their ways, the two sons to fight the battle of life how they might—the two daughters to marry. They were both handsome and accomplished, and they married well. And being left quite alone in the world, with nothing left him but the traditions of a brilliant past, Mr. Vane united his misfortunes to those of a very beautiful girl who had been his daughter's governess, and who had fallen in love with his splendid graces, in the very simplicity of her heart, thinking his gray hairs more beautiful than the raven locks of meaner men.

Yes; George Vane possessed the gift of fascination in a dangerous degree, and his second wife loved and believed in him in the day of his decline, as entirely as his first wife had done in the brighter hours of his prosperity. She loved and trusted him. She bore with a life of perpetual debt and daily difficulty. She sacrificed herself to the mean shifts and petty stratagems of a dishonest existence. She, whose nature was truth itself, humiliated herself for her husband's sake, and helped to play that pitiful, skulking game of hide-and-seek in which George Vane hoped to escape the honest struggles of poverty.

But she died young, worn out, perhaps, by these incessant miseries, and not able to draw consolation from the sham splendor and tinselly grandeur with which George Vane tried to invest his fallen state. She died within five years of her marriage, leaving a distracted and despairing old man as the sole guardian and protector of her only child.

This calamity was the bitterest blow that George Vane had ever been called upon to endure. He had loved his second wife, the wife of his poverty and humiliation, far more dearly than he had loved the obedient partner of his splendor and prosperity. She had been more to him a thousand times, this gentle girl who had so uncomplainingly accepted the hardships of her lot, because there had been no idle vanities, no hollow glories, no Princes and Beefsteak Clubs, to stand between him and his love of her.

She was lost, and he remembered how little he had done to prove his affection for her. *She* had never reproached him; no word of upbraiding had ever crossed those tender lips. But how did he know that he had not wronged her as cruelly as he had wronged those noisy children who had betrayed and deserted him?

He remembered how often he had slighted her advice, her loving counsel, so pure and true, so modestly offered, so gently spoken. He remembered how many humiliations he had forced upon her, how many falsehoods he had compelled her to tell; how often he had imposed upon her affection, suffering her to slave for him in his blind selfishness.

He could remember all these things now that she was gone, and that it was too late; too late to fall at her feet and tell her that he was all unworthy of her love and goodness; too late to offer her even such poor atonement for the past as penitence and tears.—A hundred tokens of her in his poor lodgings recalled her a hundred times a day, bringing the tears into this poor broken-down mourner's eyes.

He did not need the presence of his little daughter, whose dark gray eyes looked at him like hers, whose auburn hair had the same golden glory that he had so often seen glistening in the sunshine as he sat lazily watching the low evening light upon his wife's drooping head. It seemed only yesterday that she had stood in the window working for him—for him.

His affliction left him for a long time a broken old man. He did not care in this dull interval of despair to keep up those outward shams of prosperity which he had so persistently preserved. His fashionable coats and boots, treasured so carefully of late, were no longer objects of tender care and delight to him. He ceased to go out into that ignorant and careless world in which he could still play the fine gentleman. He shut himself up and abandoned himself to his grief, and it was a long time before his frivolous nature recovered the shock he had suffered. It is not to be wondered at that, in the agony of his bereavement, his youngest child became unspeakably dear to him. He had severed all the links which had bound him to the past, and to his elder children. His second marriage had made a new era in his life. If he thought of these elder children at all, it was only to remember that some of them were living in luxury, and that they ought to support him in his penniless old age. If he wrote to them, he wrote begging-letters, appealing to them in exactly the same spirit as he might have appealed to the Duke of Wellington or Miss Burdett Coutts.

Yes; his youngest daughter usurped the place of an only child in the old man's heart. He indulged her as he had indulged the ungrateful elder children. He could not give her carriages and horses, liveried servants and splendid houses, but he could now and then prevail upon some weak-minded creditor to trust him, and would come home triumphant to his shabby lodging, bearing spoils for his beloved Eleanor. He would hire a brougham from a confiding livery-stable keeper, and would take his little girl for a drive in the country. He would get her fine dresses from the silk-mercers who had supplied his elder daughters, and he would compensate her for the shabby miseries of her every-day existence by chance flashes of radiance and glory.

Then, again, he would very often obtain small sums of money, loans from private friends, it may be, or fleeting treasures from a mysterious source, of which his innocent little daughter had no knowledge. So, for the first ten or eleven years of her life, Miss Vane's existence was chequered by sudden glimpses of abnormal wealth—wonderful feast days of luxury and extravagance—which contrasted sharply with the dreary poverty of her ordinary experiences.

Thus it was no uncommon thing for this young lady to dine to-day in a tawdry and rather dirty parlor at Chelsea upon tea and red-herrings, and to-morrow to sit opposite her father in one of the sunny windows at the Crown and Sceptre, eating white-bait with the calm enjoyment of a connoisseur, and looking placidly on while Mr. Vane gave himself ducal airs to the waiters, and found fault with the icing of his sparkling hock. There was scarcely any extravagance which this little girl had not seen her father perpetrate. She had received from him a birthday present of a two-guinea wax doll, at the very time at which her schooling account, at a certain humble little seminary near Cheyne Walk, remained unpaid, and her education was brought to a dead lock by reason of this default. She had sighed for that golden-haired waxen plaything, and her father gave it to her because he loved her as he had always loved, weakly and foolishly.

She loved him in return; repaying him a hundredfold for his affection by her innocent love and trust. To her he was all that was perfect, all that was noble and generous. The big talk, the glowing and sentimental discourse by which he was wont to impose upon himself, imposed upon her. She believed in that fancy portrait which he painted of himself, and which he himself believed in as a most faithful and unflattered likeness. She believed in that highly-colored picture, and thought that George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane was indeed what he represented himself, and thought himself to be, an injured old man, a sainted martyr to the forgetfulness of the world, and the ingratitude of his children.

Poor Eleanor was never weary of listening to her father's stories about the Prince Regent, and all the lesser planets of the darkened sky in which Mr. Vane's light had once shone. She used to walk in the park with the old man in the sunny summer evenings, proud to see him bow to great people, who returned his recognition with friendly courtesy. She liked to fancy him in the days that were gone, riding side by side with those mighty ones of the earth, whom he was now content to watch wistfully across the iron railings. She was pleased to stroll in the dusky gloaming of the soft May night, and to look up at the lights in that princely mansion in Berkeley Square which George Vane had once occupied. He showed her the windows which had belonged to this and that apartment, the drawing-room, the first Mrs. Vane's boudoir, the little girls' nursery and morning room. She fancied all those fairy chambers radiant with light and splendor, and then remembering the shabby rooms at Chelsea, clung closer to her father's arm, in her tender sorrow for his fallen state.

But she had inherited much of George Vane's sanguine temperament, and almost as firm as her belief in the past, which had been a reality, was her confidence in the splendid future, which her father hoped in Nothing could have been more shadowy than the foundations upon which Mr. Vane had built for himself an airy castle. In his youth and middle age his most intimate friend and companion had been a certain Maurice de Crespigny, the owner of a noble estate in Berkshire, and not a friend of the Prince Regent's. So, while George Vane's two estates had melted away, and his three fortunes had been expended, Mr. de Crespigny, who was an invalid and a bachelor, had contrived to keep his land and his money.

There was only the difference of two or three years between the ages of the two friends. I believe that Maurice de Crespigny was the younger of the two. And it was during their early college life that the young men had entered into a romantic alliance, very chivalrous and honorable in its nature, but scarcely likely to stand the wear and tear of worldly experience.

They were to be friends through life and until death. They were to have no secrets from each other. If by any chance they should happen to fall in love with the same person—and I really think these sentimental collegians rather wished that such a contingency might arise—one of them, the most noble, the most heroic, was quietly to fall back and suffer in silence, while the weaker won the prize. If either died a bachelor, he was to leave his fortune to the other, whatever less noble and more common-place claimants, in the way of heirs presumptive, might press upon him.

These vows had been made at least five-and-forty years ago, but out of this folly of the past George Vane built his hope in the future. Maurice de Crespigny was now a soured and hypochondriachal old bachelor, shut in and defended on every side by greedy and sycophantic relations, and utterly unapproachable to his shabby old bosom friend; who could as easily have made his way out of one of the lowest dungeons of the Bastille as he could force an entrance into that closely-guarded citadel within which his college companion sat, lonely and dismal, a desolate old man, watched over by sharp eyes, greedily noteful of every token of his decay, ministered to by hands that would have worked eagerly at his winding-sheet, if by so doing they could have hastened the hour of his death.

If George Vane—remembering his old friend, perhaps, with some latent feeling of tenderness intermingled with his mercenary hopes—made an effort to penetrate the cruel barriers about him, he was repulsed with ignominy by the two maiden nieces who kept watch and ward at Woodlands. If he wrote to Mr. de Crespigny, his missive was returned unopened, with a satirical intimation that the dear invalid's health was not in a state to endure the annoyance of begging letters. He had made a hundred attempts to cross the lines of the enemy, and had been mortified by a hundred failures; but his sanguine nature was not to be subdued by any humiliation, and he still believed, firmly and entirely, that whenever Maurice de Crespigny's will came to be opened, his name, and his alone, would appear as sole heir to his old friend's wealth. He forgot that Maurice de Crespigny was his junior by some two or three years; for he had always heard of him of late as a feeble invalid tottering upon the verge of the grave, while he himself was erect and stalwart, broad chested, and soldierly-looking, so very soldierly in appearance that the sentinels on guard in the park were wont to salute him as he passed them, believing him to be some military magnate.

Yes, he believed the day would come when poor De Crespigny—he always spoke of his friend with a certain pitiful tenderness—would drop quietly into his grave, and when *he* would reign at Woodlands with his darling Eleanor, avenging himself upon his ungrateful elder children, reopening accounts with his old creditors—in all his visions of grandeur and patronage he never thought of paying his debts—and arising from the dull ashes of his poverty, a splendid phœnix, golden plumed and exultant.

He taught his daughter this belief as religiously as he taught her the simple prayers which she said nightly at his knee. With all his faults he was no unbeliever, though the time which he devoted to religious observances made a very small portion of his existence. He taught Eleanor to believe in the day that was to come, and the little girl saw the light of future splendor gleaming athwart the dreary swamp of difficulty through which she waded patiently by her father's side.

But the day came when George Vane and his child were to be separated, for a time at least. Eleanor's twelfth birthday was very near at hand, and she had as yet received no better education than the rather limited course of instruction which was to be obtained for a guinea and a half a quarter at the day-school near Cheyne Walk. For nearly six years, inclusive of many intervals of non-attendance consequent upon non-payment, Miss Vane had frequented this humble seminary, in company with the daughters of the butchers and bakers and other plebeian inhabitants of the district; but by the time she was twelve years old the various sources from which her father's very desultory income had been drawn had one by one run dry and failed him. The weakest and most long-suffering of his creditors had crossed his name out of their ledgers; his friends had ceased to believe in the fiction of delayed remittances, urgent temporary need, and early repayment, and he could no longer count upon an occasional five-pound note when the Chelsea landlady became clamorous, and the Chelsea general dealer refused to send home another ounce of tea, except on payment of ready money.

A desperate crisis had come, and in his despair the old man forgot his pride. For Eleanor's sake, if not for his own, he must endure humiliation. He must appeal to his eldest daughter, the hard-hearted but wealthy Hortensia Bannister, who had lost her stockbroker husband a twelvemonth before, and was now a rich and childless widow. Yes—he wiped the tears of humiliation away from his faded cheeks as he arrived at this resolution—he would try and forget the past, and would take Eleanor with him to Hyde Park Gardens, and appeal to her cruel sister in her behalf. His determination was speedily carried out, for he went to work with something of that desperate courage which a condemned criminal may feel when he goes to execution, and one sunny morning in the early June of 1850, he and his daughter sat in Mrs. Bannister's handsome drawing-room, fearfully awaiting the advent of that lady. She came to them after a very brief delay, for she was business-like and uncompromising in her habits, and she had been prepared for this visit by a long, pitiful, explanatory letter from her father, in reply to which she had written very coldly and concisely, appointing an early interview.

She was a severe-looking woman of about five-and-thirty, with a hard face, and heavy, black eyebrows, which met over her handsome aquiline nose when she frowned, which she did a great deal too often, poor Eleanor thought. Her features were like those of her father, but her grim and stony expression was entirely her own, and was perhaps the result of that early and bitter disappointment of finding herself a portionless girl, deserted by the man she loved, who fell away from her when he discovered the state of her father's fortunes, and compelled to marry for money, or to accept the wretched alternative of a life of poverty and drudgery.

This harsh, disappointed woman affected no pretence of tender feeling for her half-sister. Perhaps the sight of Eleanor's childish beauty was scarcely pleasant to her. She herself had drawn a dreary blank in the great lottery of life in spite of her wealth, and she may have envied this child her unknown future, which could not well be so dismal as the childless widow's empty existence.

But Mrs. Bannister was a religious woman, and tried to do her duty in a hard, uncompromising way, in which good works were not beautified by any such flimsy adornments as love and tenderness. So when she heard that her father lived from day to day a wretched hand-to-mouth existence, haunted by the grim phantom of starvation, she was seized with a sudden sense that she had been very wicked to this weak old man, and she agreed to allow him a decent pittance, which would enable to live about as comfortably as a half-officer or a small annuitant. She made the concession sternly enough, and lectured her father so severely that he may be perhaps forgiven if he was not very grateful for his daughter's bounty, so far as he [illegible]—but he did make a feeble [illegible] of his thankfulness when she further declared her willingness to certain premium in consideration Eleanor Vane might be received [illegible] speciable boarding-school as an apprentice or pupil teacher.

It was thus that the little girl became acquainted with the Misses Bennett of Wilmington House, Brixton; and it was in the household of those ladies that three years of her life had been passed. Three quiet and monotonous years of boarding-school drudgery, which had only been broken by two brief visits to her father, who had taken up his abode in Paris; where he lived secure from the persecution of a few of his latter-day creditors—not the west-end tradesmen who had known him in his prime, *they* were resigned and patient enough under their losses—but a few small dealers who had trusted him in his decline, and who were not rendered lenient by the memory of former profits.

In Paris, Mr. Vane had very little chance of obtaining any information about his friend Maurice de Crespigny, but he still looked forward confidently to that visionary future in which he was to be master of the Woodlands estate. He had taken care to write a letter, soon after Eleanor's birth, which had happened to reach his friend, announcing the advent of this youngest child, and dwelling much on his love for her. He cherished some visionary notion that, in the event of his death occurring before that of Maurice de Crespigny, the old man might leave his wealth to Eleanor. The contumely with which he had been treated by the maiden harpies who kept watch over his old friend had been pleasant to him rather than otherwise, for in the anger of these elderly damsels he saw an evidence of their fear.

"If they knew that poor De Crespigny's money was left to them, they wouldn't be so savage," he thought. "It's evident they're by no means too confident about the future."

But there were other relatives of the old man's, less fortunate than the maiden sisters, who had found their way into the citadel, and planted *themselves on permanence* at Woodlands. There was a married niece, who had once been a beauty. This lady had been so foolish as to marry against her rich uncle's wishes, and was now a widow, living in the neighborhood of Woodlands upon an income of two hundred a year. This lady's only son, Launcelot Darrel, was heir-at-law to Maurice de Crespigny's fortune. But the maiden sisters *were patient and indefatigable women.* No sacred fire was ever watched more carefully by classic vestal than was the fretful flame which burned in Maurice de Crespigny's heart when he remembered his married niece's ingratitude and disobedience. The unwearying old maids kept his indignation alive by every feminine subtlety, by every diplomatic device. Heaven knows what they wanted with their uncle's money, for they were prim damsels who wore stuff shoes and scanty dresses made in the fashion of their youth. They had outlived the very faculty of enjoyment, and their wants were almost as simple as those of the robins that perched upon their window-sills; but for all this they were as eager to become possessors of the old man's wealth as the most heartless and spendthrift heir, tormented by Israelitish creditors, and subsisting entirely upon post obits. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

"And you must not put on mourning."

"Oh, mother!" and Maddie lifted her head with a beseeching glance.

"No, dear, I forbid it; I would have you think of me in another way than that suggested by gloomy colors. Wear white as often as you please; let that be your mourning garb, or rather let it be an emblem of my happiness, and the purity of heaven.—Think of me as being arrayed in the shining white of heaven, not as mere dust, senseless and soulless in the tomb. In midst of music, of flowers, of every innocent enjoyment, keep my memory fresh, for there is music in heaven; immortal gardens bloom there, and its delights it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. In this way, my darling, you can in one sense keep me by you, and say to yourself, many times, 'No, I am not motherless.' As soon as the first heaviness of your grief wears away, you will love to feel that I am resting—that I am basking in the sunshine of God's great love—that I am patiently waiting for you."
—*Mrs. Jameson.*

☞ Advice to those in danger of falling down on ice: When you find your legs going from under you, as if in too much haste to get forward, sit down on the ice and let them wait till you come up with them. This is reversing the old proverb: "Learn your head to save your heels;" it learns the heels to save the head.

☞ A gentleman showed us the other day what he declared to be the petrified *great toe* of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. The bone had crumbled out, leaving a cavity in the petrified flesh. Such a relic of human greatness one doesn't see every day!

THE LIGHT OF EVENING.

Why, when the evening comes and the winds are quiet and still,
When the sun is down in the west and his light is dying away,
[illegible] a track of pale green light in the [illegible]er the hill,
[illegible]e heaven is dark and the clouds [illegible]eavy and gray?

[illegible] often watched for that space of pure heavenly sky,
Clear as a placid lake, or a sea of crystal or glass
Over the western hills, an image of heaven on high,
Stretching a thousand miles behind the clouds as they pass.

Strangely pale and faint, with a soft and luminous light,
Yet fairer, oh! fairer far, than the golden light of the day,
Flushing and changing ever, and passing into the night,
Still lingering over the hills, then fading and dying away.

Is it the type of a calm, of a strange and mysterious rest,
Coming before the end, ere the deep dark river be past,
Lighting declining years as the sun illumines the west,
With a soft and a beautiful glow, which lingers the brightest and last?

Or is it a foretaste of heaven beyond these dim regions of care,
A type of the measureless peace and calm on Eternity's shore,
Beyond the clouds of the world in a country surpassingly fair,
Where *that* light shines steadfast for ever, and sorrow is heard of no more? J. A.

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

About noon of the same day, a party of four horsemen halted in the public route to the Court House at the entrance—if entrance it could be called—to a disused cart-road which led into the Belleview woods. There were still "draw bars"—that is rails, that *could be slipped back through* their openings in their supporting posts—marking the spot where vehicles,—wood-carts and farm-wagons—were once wont to pass in, but they were now moss-grown and decayed, and sumach and huckleberry bushes grew thickly on the other side. None of the band hesitated, however, to follow their leader when he tore the rotten rails from their rests, and remounting, rode boldly past the sign-board—a new and staring one that forbade trespassing "under the severest penalty of the law." One pointed this out silently to another as they entered the gap, and the exchange of looks was pregnant with meaning.

"That was put up the first week in January," said a third. "A queer time to warn off poachers. Especially when there is no game worth shooting in these woods at any season!" said his companion.

The fourth man said nothing—only pushed on deeper into the forest. He knew well the position of the "Spruce-pine" and the "*old* pic-nic ground." The tree—the solitary specimen of the kind in the vicinity—stood on the verge of a little glade—a natural break in the wood—turfy, and not too densely shaded—where, years ago, the young people for miles around had held a sylvan fete—a bounteous dinner and a dance on the grass that lasted until dark. Robert had danced with Lily Calvert more frequently than with any other girl there, and Helen was oftenest his brother's partner. How strangely the vision of the holiday scene arose before the latter now, bent, as he was, upon a mission so fearfully at variance with the events of that midsummer day!

He was diverted from his saddened musings by the extraordinary conduct of his horse. He had ridden Hero that morning at Helen's desire. She fancied that she would be able to decide upon seeing him now whether he were the animal Booker rode upon that momentous Christmas day—and although after hearing Gabriel's story, Aleck had not deemed it necessary to afford her an opportunity to apply this test to her memory, he had not cared or indeed thought to exchange the steed for his own riding-horse. He had gone by the most direct road to the Court House; laid his story before a magistrate, obtained a search-warrant and authority to arrest the suspected man; collected a few friends in whose zeal and discretion he could confide—the magistrate asking permission to be one of the number—and having dispatched a line to Maple Hill to allay the solicitude his wife might feel at his prolonged absence, had set out for the spot designated in Lily's note. They had quitted the faint wheel-ruts that marked the windings of the old road, several minutes before, and were making their way, still piloted by Aleck, in the direction of the spruce tree, when Hero stopped short—threw up his head and uttered a shrill neigh—a sound so expressive of terror, so like a human utterance of fear or anguish that it thrilled every heart.

"Is this the place?" asked one of the party, in an awed whisper, riding up close to Aleck's side.

"No! it is fully a hundred yards off! On, sir!" he urged the animal, and mad with impatience, forgetting that it was Robert's horse and entitled to all gentleness of treatment at his hands, he struck him sharply with the whip. Hero reared once—then stood like a rock, his fore-feet planted deep in the damp, woody soil, ears pointed forward, eyes dilate, and nostrils quivering widely—the picture of mortal fear.

"There is something in this, Lay!" said the magistrate—a grave, judicious man whom no one had ever accused of excitability of imagination or a too ready credulity. "Gentlemen—if you please, we will examine this ground before going further!"

Every man was upon his feet in a moment. The undergrowth was thick thereabouts, and they literally crawled upon their hands and knees in their anxiety to make the search thorough. Stones were upturned, leaves swept away that the bare earth might testify of any recent disturbance, broken twigs and boughs inspected, but the keenest eyes discerned nothing unusual, nothing that varied from the ordinary aspect of a winter forest. Leaving their horses, they went on foot to the natural clearing marked by the evergreen spruce, and there the examination was, if possible, more narrowly vigilant—and with a like result. There was absolutely naught to indicate that any deed of violence had ever marred the peaceful quiet of the pretty glade. The sun shone brightly upon the young turf already sprouting under the genial skies and warm breezes of the past week;—there were birds twittering in the naked branches above their heads, and as they drew together in the centre of the grass-plot for conference upon the next best step to be taken, a hare, the most timid of forest-bred creatures, scudded by on her way to her not distant form.

"We must make the arrest without additional evidence, gentlemen!" decided Mr. Reverdy, the magistrate. "Colonel Floyd's possession of the watch and bonds must be accounted for, and the matter of the supposed forgery cleared up, before we can lawfully or conscientiously abandon the task we have undertaken."

"It will be a bad business for us all, if he gets clear, after we have brought so serious a charge," demurred one of the quartette—a nervous, cautious man, and a near neighbor of the *Floyds*. "The Colonel is a troublesome customer to manage, when his blood is up. I shouldn't relish being at enmity with him, if he is to go at large. He never forgives an affront."

"Then, Mr. Dickson, you had better not accompany us!" rejoined Mr. Reverdy, in calm contempt. "For my own part, I shall probe this affair to the bottom, at any and every cost to myself. If no one else will go with us, Mr. Lay and myself will serve the warrant. Shall we return to our horses?"

Murmuring something to the effect that he had been "misunderstood," and that he was as "little afraid as any other man," Mr. Dickson walked back with the rest.

"Lay! this is certainly very singular!" said the foremost of them, going up to Hero and laying his hand upon his neck.

The poor beast was covered with sweat, and shook in every joint. He responded to the friendly touch by another frightened neigh,—wild and piercing as the former, and when Aleck took him by the head to lead him on again, struck his hoofs deep into the earth and pulled back with all his might. They all gathered about him, in wonderment and inquiry. Aleck was the first to remark that the creature paid no attention to their movements, that his eyes were fixed upon a cluster of saplings not four feet off. This they had examined more than once in their fruitless quest, but the change in his features now directed the attention of the others to the place.

"There are no pine trees near! Those are hickory saplings! Why should the ground under them be covered with pine-needles?"

The exclamation acted like an electric shock. All sprang forward to the work of clearing away the thick brown covering. It was several inches in depth, and looked as if swine had been bedded there during the cold weather—an illusion that had completely imposed upon the search-party, until they observed that the leaves could not have fallen from the trees above, and the improbability that they had been brought from a distance for such a purpose, when the herd could as well have been littered under the pines themselves, presented itself to every mind. A hoe, spade and pickaxe were hastily produced from a bag which was lashed to the front of Hero's saddle, and while three used these to rake off the matted needles, the fourth scraped it aside with his bare hands.

It was removed in less time than it has taken to describe the process, and there remained exposed a considerable area of lighter color than the black, rich soil around it, as if the earth had been carefully spread over a wide space to avoid the appearance of elevation in any one spot. Near the middle of this was plainly visible a sunken spot, long and narrow and perfectly regular in outline. Not a word was uttered of command or remark as each of the three men bent to his work and dug as if his own life or death depended upon his diligence.

Of the three! the spade had fallen from the nerveless hand of the fourth, and his next neighbor, he who had labored with his fingers only, caught it ere it touched the ground, and struck it boldly into the soil. Sick with horror, Aleck leaned against a tree, and watched the rapidly deepening chasm at his feet;—noted the signs of a former excavation in the leaves and sticks mingled with the earth they cast up. Would they have to dig far down?—and if so, would his strength and reason endure this racking suspense until they reached it?

The pit was already two feet deep, and the dirt lay compact as ever, settled by the snows and rains of two long winter months. Three feet! they worked well! Four!—they must be nearing it.

Ha! how carelessly that man plunged the pix-axe up to the helve! Had he no thought of what he might strike—into what substance the keen, cruel point might sink at any moment! Again, he swung the implement in the air—and Aleck seized his arm convulsively, when he would have brought it down.

"For Heaven's sake, Dickson! be careful! you cannot be far from it now!" he cried, harshly.

None of the excited laborers had realized their exact position before; but they eyed the dimensions of the pit now with careful, wondering attention, and the man who wielded the pick stepped one side and laid down the dangerous instrument. The others kept on with their task, but delved warily, more slowly—scraping instead of digging. The tedious process, necessary as he felt it to be—their expression of earnest watchfulness as each spadefull was removed—were more horrible than all that had gone before.

"This is dying by inches!" he whispered to Dickson who stood at his side, and he put up his hand to wipe away the cold beads that dripping from his forehead were literally blinding him.

"My God!"

The low cry broke from one of the workmen, and at the same instant Dickson clutched Aleck's shoulder, dragged him some paces before he could recover from his surprise at the movement.

"You must not see this, Lay! indeed you must *not!*" remonstrated the neighbor, withstanding, with friendly violence, Aleck's struggles to escape from his hold. "Sit here!" He pushed him down upon the trunk of a fallen tree—"Sit here until I go and see whether it is best for you to be there!"

Misled by the apparent obedience of his charge he ran back to the grave.

A grave, in truth it was—and within it a figure, from whose features, gentle hands were that moment withdrawing the only shield between it and the earth—a coarse, gray blanket spread over the body, after the manner of a pall. Unchanged save by the pallor of death, he slept there peacefully as if loving and not bloody hands had laid him down to his long rest; as if a costly coffin had sheltered his mortal frame from the contaminating touch of his mother earth, and costly marble sought to immortalize his name and memory.

A hollow groan caused the beholders to look up, and Aleck Lay's white face was seen leaning forward beside Mr. Dickson's—turned for one second to the blue, smiling heavens and his arms were tossed aloft, none doubted, in agonized invocation of Divine vengeance upon the murderer—then, he spoke in accents more stern than sad—

"Lift him out, Mr. Dickson—your house is nearest—will you ride over and send some conveyance in which the body can be carried to Maple Hill? Frank! you will stay here until he returns, then gallop ahead and prepare my wife for what she must see—that is, if I am not at home myself by that time. I will exchange horses with you—I think that mine will follow *him*. Mr. Reverdy, if you are ready, we will go direct to Belleview."

They left the corpse upon a bed, hurriedly made of dry leaves—a cloak wrapped about it and concealing it, save where one curl of fair hair escaping from the folds, caught the reflection of the afternoon sun—Frank Travis—a cousin of the Lays, and Robert's bosom friend—and the faithful Hero—its only guards.

NOTE. It may interest the reader to know that nearly every incident relative to Robert Lay's murder had its counterpart in a case which came within range of the author's personal observation. The most important variations in the history as here narrated, are the needful changes of dates, names, and locality. No portion of the story is more authentic than the phenomenon of Hero's behavior when in the vicinage of the hidden grave, and the discovery of the body as a direct sequence of the horse's remarkable conduct.

CHAPTER XVII.

Colonel Floyd's horse and buggy were at the door that morning at an unusually early hour. He had business to transact with a man who lived ten or twelve miles off, and he grumbled loudly at his wife's negligence, and cursed the cook's laziness in not having breakfast precisely at half-past seven, according to the mandate he had issued overnight.

"Lily, my love, you are eating nothing!" said Mrs. Floyd solicitously, as she witnessed her niece's want of application to the tempting repast.

"I am doing very well, thank you, mamma!" and the girl made a feint of using her knife and fork.

"Colonel! I wish you would call at Dr. Bryan's as you are passing through the village, and ask him to drop in to see her," pursued the aunt.

"What's the matter with you?" snarled the master of the household, addressing Lily.

"Nothing, sir. I feel quite well—the warm weather makes me a little languid—that is all!" she answered.

But the slight agitation occasioned by his harsh, abrupt query brought a tremor to her lips and tears into the large eyes, now sadly sunken and unnaturally bright.

Her uncle scrutinized her sneeringly.

"Which means that you are lovesick, and have the vapors! Vastly pretty and interesting these look to younger men, but I don't believe that Dr. Bryan will admire them any more than I do. I sha'n't be home to dinner, Mrs. Floyd," and having made these affectionate adieus, he stalked out.

"Nine o'clock! What is that confoundedly slow fellow lagging about now, I wonder?" he uttered, stamping upon the front steps. "Dick!" he hailed a boy in the kitchen door. "Tell Booker I am waiting for him. Make haste, you rascal! Do you hear!"

"Yes, sar!"

The colonel waited nevertheless for a quarter of an hour more, when the dilatory factotum emerged from his dwelling, at one side of the yard, and came toward his irate master.

"Come, Booker!" called the latter, in a milder tone than he would have employed towards any other person guilty of the heinous offence of delaying a departure he designed should have been immediate upon the termination of his morning meal.

Booker drove him everywhere now-a-days. Since his apoplectic attack in December, Colonel Floyd seemed distrustful of his continued physical vigor or mental soundness. Booker had accompanied him during a week's absence in January—a journey whose direction and intent was not revealed to his own wife—which Aleck had accidentally discovered extended as far as Baltimore. The negro was not remiss in the improvement of the privileges accruing *to him from his superior's partiality or conscious weakness. He lorded it with a high* hand over his subjects—nominal and real—upon the estate, beginning, some were bold enough to whisper, at the haughty proprietor of the manor.

"It is half past nine, Booker! and we have a long jaunt before us."

"Yes, sir; but I should like to have a word with you first," replied the man coolly, motioning his master further away from the porch to a position upon the lawn, where nothing they said could be overheard by the inmates of the house.

Colonel Floyd followed, submissive as a child.

"If you take my advice, sir, you will get ready for a very long jaunt," said the confidant, meaningly. "If I ain't mightily mistaken, there's mischief in the wind—and a deal of it!"

"Mischief! of what kind?"

"The worst that could come 'pon you, sir, I'd better not mention it, even though there's nobody near enough to hear. Jeff Martin was here betimes this mornin', to say as how Mr. Aleck Lay stopped at his house yesterday, on his way back from Baltimore, and scared Jeff's wife—he was from home himself—into confessin' that I had left a strange horse thar, Christmas day. The woman wouldn't allow to Jeff that she had told anything, but one of the children was listenin', and let on to his father what a fine gentleman she had had for a visitor. Jeff gave her a proper lesson how to hold her tongue hereafter, you may be sure, but that didn't undo what was done."

"Well?"

Colonel Floyd—his complexion purple gray—was biting his nails and grinding his heel into the turf in a frenzy of anxiety.

Booker's tone and look were dull to stolidity.

"That's one item, sir. Another that I've just picked up, is that Mr. Aleck Lay overtook that boy of mine, Gabriel, on the road, about an hour, or may-be an hour and a half ago, rid him down, and flogged him within an inch of his life, till the young fool was obliged to tell him that the letter he carried to Greenfield before breakfast Christmas morning, wasn't the same Mr. Lay's wife that is now—Miss Helen that was—had given him. The boy swears this was all that he got out of him, and considerin' that I've been thrashin' him for half an hour, off and on—to find out the truth, it may be as he says. Now, sir, I think you'll 'gree with me when I say that in my 'pinion, Mr. Lay has struck a dangerous scent—one that'll most likely bring him this way before night, and you'd better not be found too easy.—Eight miles' ride will take you to the ferry, and by going six on the other side of the river, you will strike the railroad. I've got no more advice to give, 'cept that you'd better have a few clothes and a plenty of money along. It's lucky you're not short of cash just now—and oh! before I forget it, Colonel, you'd as well leave me a hundred or so, for family expenses, while you're gone."

The unsurpassed effrontery of this address in the mouth of a menial—the fellow's bold, insolent visage, and disregard of all the forms of respect he had hitherto affected to observe in his master's presence, passed unobserved by his horror stricken auditor. Filled with one overwhelming conviction; to wit, that his sin had found him out, and that his one chance of safety lay in precipitate flight—a disordered recollection of his conversation with Aleck Lay upon the preceding day, combining with Booker's revelations, to heighten his dismay, he ran up to his room, his so-called servitor at his heels; with his assistance packed a valise with clothing; took from his secretary bank-notes and gold to a large amount—how obtained, the cashier of the ——— Bank, Baltimore, could have told, secreted these about his person; in blind, obedient haste, placed in Booker's hands the sum he required—and they were back again upon the piazza, in the buggy and driving off ere any member of the family discovered that they had not set out at the hour originally appointed.

"Colonel!" screamed Mrs. Floyd, hastening out from the dining-room.

Booker reined up, and the meek spouse bustled down the steps to the side of the vehicle.

"My love, Lily would like to go to the Court House this forenoon—just for the ride, you know, and I think the air and exercise will do her good. Can she have the carriage and Simon?"

"She and you can go to perdition if you like!" foamed her husband. "Stand back! Drive on Booker!"

The whip was not spared during the earlier stages of the journey—nor was there much conversation between the travellers so long as they were in their own proper neighborhood, regarded them as peculiarly perilous. They were within sight of the river, when Colonel Floyd inquired:

"What do you intend doing, Booker?"

"I shall go back home, sir," with a flourish of the lash about the horse's ears.

"Won't that be unsafe?"

"For me—do you mean, sir?"

"Certainly. You may be taken up as an accomplice. Had you not better stay with me?"

"No, *sir!*" returned the man, impudently. "That would be the unsafest course for us both! Why, it would double the chances of being caught! 'Twould be the easiest thing in creation to track a gentleman travellin' with a body-servant. I shall go home, as I said, *maybe hide for a day or two, until I find out* what is really in the wind, and if I must clear out I sha'n't run in the same direction you've done. If I'm took—that's the worst thing that can happen, you know, sir. There's no proof sech as inconvenient papers and the like against *me*."

Colonel Floyd writhed in his seat.

"You will not turn informer, Booker? That would be a bad day for you, my man!"

The negro half laughed at the impotent menace; the ludicrous pretence of the power of revenge from one so completely in his power. The sneer made that moment the most humiliating—save one—of Colonel Floyd's existence, yet he could not resent the insult.

"As to the matter of that, Colonel Floyd, we wont argue who would be worst hurt by what I could tell. But make yourself easy, sir. My evidence could not hang you—"

"Hush!"

The other started at the word, and looked around to be sure no one was within hearing distance.

"Could not injure you very badly, I mean, sir—I am a colored slave—you a free, white man"—with a scornful emphasis. "They wouldn't swear me in a court of justice, sir."

It was pitch dark when Booker re-entered the outer gate of the Belleview plantation. He had continued his journey so as to arrive at home under the shadow of night. The sky was cloudy; the air misty. Better opportunity of concealing his approach, could not have been desired; and congratulating himself upon these, he drove carefully down the middle of the road, eyes and ears on the *qui vive* for any suspicious appearance or noise. There were lights in the windows of the dining-room, and Mrs. Floyd's chamber, and from the open kitchen-door, issued a stream of reddish light, darkened occasionally by a moving figure within. A slave, in name alone, he had long cherished ambitious dreams unknown by others, divined least of all by him whom he styled "master." By dint of peculation and undisguised extortion he had amassed a larger sum than was possessed by any other bondman in the country; treasured it secretly against such times as he should see the way clear for the prosecution of his darling scheme—viz: the acquisition of his freedom, without expending one cent of his money in its purchase. Now, he said, exultingly to himself, was the propitious season! His master, a fugitive under the ban of the law, the hue and cry of the neighborhood directed after him—himself the owner, or what, in his ethics, amounted to the same thing—the possessor of an additional sum, sufficient to carry him to Canada, if he wished to go so far—what remained to be done but to secure his hoard and such valuables as he could lay his hands upon, and flee under the cover of the favoring darkness?

"Whoa—there!" said a deep voice at his very ear, and betwixt him and the kitchen-door he saw the dark outline of a horseman;—before he could realize the fact of the apparition, he felt the reins snatched from him on the other side; heard the trampling of hoofs and men's feet in every direction, while murmurs of inquiry and consultation were defined into a simultaneous exclamation as a lantern was unceremoniously flashed into his face.

"We've caught one of them at all events."

He had not expected the indulgence of sleep that night, but neither had he anticipated lodgings in the county jail.

It was not often that Lily was allowed the privilege of a ride without the attendance of her aunt or one of her cousins, but this morning, she had avowed frankly to Mrs. Floyd her desire to visit Helen Lay, and asked for the carriage and driver that she might carry her plan into execution in her uncle's absence.

"He would not consent to it, mamma, and you disapprove of it, I know, but I must see Helen! I feel sometimes as if I must die unless I learn something which she only can tell me. I am not so strong as I used to be, and things worry, oppress me more than they did when I was well."

Mrs. Floyd's heart melted.

"My dear child! I would do anything in my power to make you happy—but I really thought that you and Helen had had some quarrel about the time she was married, and not been on good terms since."

"I behaved foolishly, and, I believe, was altogether in the wrong," answered Lily, sadly. "Helen used to be very kind to me. I think she cared for me then. Nobody loves me very long!"

This pathetic petition it was that emboldened Mrs. Floyd to stay her husband's departure for the space of a whole minute and a quarter, and Lily decided to avail herself of the uncivil permission that responded to the request.

Pitying affection was Helen's predominant feeling for the erring, cruelly deceived child, yet she had rather on this particular day have seen a basilisk creep into her sunny parlor than Lily's wasted figure glide up to the window where she and Aunt Ruth sat at work;—the younger lady pensive and abstracted, yet trying to appear as usual, the elder mild and sedate, quite content with the world since she had witnessed the affectionate parting of her adopted children after their early breakfast, and learned that it was Helen's headache that made her so pale and her eyes heavy—not inward disquiet—or disappointed love. "Yes!" ejaculated the dear old creature, dropping her spectacles upon the floor—Lily's entrance having occurred at the moment when she was resetting them for some superlatively fine stitching upon a collar for her nephew. Lily understood the "particle" as well as Aleck or Robert could have done. "It *is* I, Aunt Ruth—not my ghost!"

"Lily!" said Helen, rising to embrace her, "dear child! how long it is since we have seen you!"

"I know it, Nelly, but it has not been easy for me to get here until now. I have longed for you lately."

Helen seated her in a lounging-chair, removed her mufflings, and smoothed the pale-gold hair, gazing on the altered lineaments of the lately happy, thoughtless girl, with an unspoken heart-ache.

Aunt Ruth picked up the key-basket and trotted out.

"Helen," said Lily, catching both her hands, and speaking with feverish energy—"now that we are by ourselves, tell me—have you heard any news of him—of Robert?"

Helen shook her head mournfully.

"Have you no idea where he is? What does your husband think has become of him?"

"He has a variety of surmises, Lily, dear. It would do no good to repeat them—they are all so uncertain, as yet. We are both much distressed at his continued absence. It seems unaccountable, and he was not apt to do unreasonable things," rejoined Helen, commanding her looks and language to the best of her power.

"Why do you say 'was!' He is as good now as he ever was. I have faith in him, although all the world may blame him—faith to believe that he would do nothing dishonorable or unkind. Yet his silence is breaking my heart—breaking my heart!"

She bowed her face in her hands with a sobbing, plaintive cry that sounded indeed like very heart-break.

Helen took her in her arms as she would have done a child.

"Dear Lily! my sweet little sister! there is some cause for the silence that we cannot now understand—but it will be explained in time. I have all confidence in Robert's excellence and honor—and so has Aleck."

"Then you don't blame him?" Lily smiled faintly through her tears.

"We do not consider that he was in fault in any particular. The trouble was, according to our belief, that he trusted unwisely and was betrayed—"

"Not by me!" cried Lily, in alarm. "My great sin was loving him too well and envying you because of that love. I did wrong you often in thought, Helen! There were seasons when I was tempted to do it in deed, of many little acts of spite I was guilty; but I never committed any overt

dead against your peace until the day you were married. Then I received his letter—and, dizzy with the hopes it opened up to me, I forgot honor, truth, everything except him and the blessed assurance that he loved me. I would have gone to him, but my uncle overtook me on the way."

"I know!" said Helen, gently, for the girl's bright eyes and rapid incoherence of speech made her uneasy. "You need not enter upon a vindication of yourself, dear. Let bygones be bygones. If I have anything to forgive, it is forgiven, provided you forget the heart-burnings and misunderstandings of that unhappy time. Let us keep up hopeful hearts for the future, and if sorrow should come, help one another to bear it."

"Only a glass of milk punch, dear!" cooed Aunt Ruth, at Lily's right ear—"With an egg beaten up in it to make it nourishing! You ought to drink one every morning of your life, at this season. These warm days are debilitating. She set down a salver, containing, besides the glass of punch, a plate of light cakes and a saucer of calves' foot jelly with cream poured over it. "To make it more strengthening," she represented.

"Ah! Aunt Ruth! you were always a sad child-spoiler!" said Lily, with a flash of her old archness. She sipped the creamy foam mantling the cordial. "It is the genuine old receipt—isn't it? Do you remember how often you came over to Belleview to make it for me, when I was recovering from the measles? and how, after I had that tedious spell of fever, you carried me off by main force to Greenfield, and kept me there for a week, cosseting me with all manner of good things? I couldn't have been more than eight years old then, and was such a wee thing that Robert used to draw me about in his go-cart, as if I were a baby. Aunty, it would have been a happy thing for me if I had died of that fever—don't you think so?"

Aunt Ruth looked thunderstruck at this, according to her principles, impious observation.

"Why, my love," she commenced, when Helen spoke up cheerily.

"Nonsense, little one! you will change your mind when you have finished your luncheon. You need something to make your blood rich and warm, and then you will feel no proness to misanthropy."

"It is very nice to be here!" murmured Lily, gratefully, obeying the injunction to refresh herself with the delicacies provided.

"And here you shall stay for one while!" said Aunt Ruth, energetically. "After you have drunk the punch, you must come with me to my room, and lie down until dinner-time."

"Oh! I dare not keep the horses so long!" objected Lily. "Uncle is to be away until night, it is true, but he would be angry if he heard that Simon had lost a whole day's work."

"If that is the trouble, we will send him home, and Helen or I will ride over with you this afternoon in our carriage," persisted Miss Ruth, never doubting Helen's cordial acquiescence in the arrangement, and bent upon affording "the poor baby," as she pityingly termed Lily,—a holiday—and trying the effect of an abundance of "nourishing" food upon the wan face and attenuated frame.

Lily was evidently strongly tempted, "Would it do, Helen?" she asked.

"You are the proper judge of that, dear," said Helen, very kindly.

She dreaded lest any display of her opposition to the plan should be attributed by Aunt Ruth or Lily to an indisposition to entertain her cousin in her own house—yet trembled at the thought of the tidings which the next hour might bring.

Lily took in the manner, more than the matter of the reply, and deliberated a moment.

"I will stay!" she said. "It may be an age before I have another such chance of happiness."

"Yes!" said Aunt Ruth, triumphantly, without in the remotest degree assenting to the sentiment of the last clause of her pet-child's remark. "Now when you have given Simon his orders, you shall go and see what a beautiful room Aleck and Helen have given me. There is a nice, soft lounge, where you shall lie, and I will tuck you up snugly for a fine nap. The punch will make you drowsy, pretty soon. That's the good of it."

"A clear case of involuntary intoxication!" laughed Lily. "Then I suppose I had better use my limbs while I have any control over them—hadn't I?" and she went to confer with Simon.

The lounge justified Aunt Ruth's recommendation, and so did the punch. For awhile, Lily lay, enveloped in the soft shawls Miss Ruth had tucked about her shoulders, and watching the placid, motherly countenance, whose eyes, ever and anon strayed from her work to herself, in tender solicitude. There was a clear little fire upon the hearth, and by Aunt Ruth's footstool, a gray cat, sleek and sleepy; the clock ticked as if it too were drowsy. Lily wondered whether this were owing to some peculiar knack which Aunt Ruth had in winding it, and amused the conceit, and sank into a slumber.

She seemed to have slept but a few minutes when she awoke, and saw that she was alone in the chamber. The clock said her "fine nap" had lasted two hours.

"Aunt Ruth has gone to see about dinner, I suppose!" she thought. "I am glad she didn't stay here on my account. Her lounge must be stuffed with poppies. I only wish I had one like it at home!"

She sighed at the recollection of the many sleepless nights that had been her portion for weeks past; drew back a curtain that she might have more light for her toilette; brushed her hair; replaced her collar, and was ready to rejoin her friends. There was an empty chair just outside the door—and, lying upon the seat, an unfinished piece of knitting work—a coarse blue worsted stocking.

"Isn't that like Aunt Ruth? She stationed one of her maids as a sentinel to prevent my slumbers from being disturbed, and the poor girl grew weary with waiting for me to release her. No wonder!"

She went down a flight of stairs and through a side-passage, without encountering a single person. In her ignorance of the topography of the house, she had taken a private way, one seldom used except by the servants in carrying wood, water, etc., to the several rooms. Then she reached a porch—enclosed on three sides by the wings and central building, and on the fourth by Venetian blinds—and amused at her mistake, resolved to go on until she found some inhabited region, unclosed the door at the other end of this recess, and found herself in a small, dark entry, another door just ahead of her.

This series of *contre temps* Aunt Ruth and Helen had done everything that seemed necessary to prevent. The maid posted at the chamber door had strict orders to remain there until Miss Calvert awoke, and then to conduct her to Mrs. Lay's own room, there to await that lady's coming. But the girl who had her share, and possibly more, of Eve's foible, had been seduced into a short absence. To do her justice, it was very brief, for while Lily was wandering in the by-ways of the rambling old house, her janitor, ignorant of the prisoner's flight, was sitting in the chair without Miss Ruth's apartment, knitting and listening dutifully for any sound from within. The parlor and main hall were peopled with gentlemen who would inevitably have arrested Lily's progress, but by her blunder—perhaps we should say through the design of an inscrutable and higher Will than that of short sighted mortals, she had avoided all these hindrances, and now stood at the outer entrance of the library, Mr. Lay's especial study.

Still smiling at her adventure, Lily laid her hand upon the lock, and went in. Her motion was very fairy-like and noiseless, and her approach was unheard by the occupants of the room. A solemn group was collected there. Aleck Lay, his features settled into stern anguish, stood with one arm upholding the drooping form of his wife, who wept upon his shoulder, at the back of a sofa which was wheeled into the middle of the apartment. In front of it knelt Aunt Ruth, hands clasped as in prayer, her furrowed cheeks bathed in tears, and eyes steadfastly bent upon the visage of him who was stretched upon the couch. A black cloak—the same that had been thrown over him when first disinterred, hid the earth-stained garments—only the face and bright hair were exposed, and these Lily's second step forward revealed to her horrified vision.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Another Christmas Eve, frosty and starry, was upon the earth—and through the fading light shed from the lately crimsoned West, Aleck Lay rode slowly up the winding avenue leading to his home. Greenfield was his now, also, but he preferred a continued residence in the house to which he had brought his bride, one year before. There were associations connected with the paternal mansion, that both he and Helen felt would rest, a perpetual and moveless shadow, upon the brightness of their hearth-stone. Very rosy and cheerful looked the radiance from this now, through the windows of the old place, and as the smile of cheer and welcome caught his musing eye, he quickened his horse's gait.

"All well, Cæsar?" he asked of the man who held the rein, as he dismounted.

"All well, sir!"

Aleck glanced into the dining-room in passing, and spoke a kind word of greeting to the plump figure attired in black, which, knitting work in hand, was overlooking the movements of the butler, while he laid the snowy damask table-cloth for supper.

"Helen is in her room, I suppose?" he added.

"Yes!" and to her chamber he proceeded accordingly.

She had heard his step in the hall, and met him at the door with a smile and kiss of right wifely affection. But the smile was chastened by sadness or thought—a slight cloud that did not disappear even when she stood with him by a cradle at the corner of the hearth, and saw him stoop to leave a kiss upon the sleeping face of his first-born.

"How are you feeling to-night?" he asked, fondly, after they were seated, her hand in his.

"I am very well. Aunt Ruth says I may eat my Christmas dinner with the rest of you, to-morrow. I am quite strong again now, and shall be more cheerful when I can go about the house as usual,—especially, when I can breathe the outer air."

"I am glad you are to take your old place to-morrow. It will brighten greatly the gloom that must always recur upon the sad anniversary—sad—inexpressibly mournful in the recollection of one event—while it commemorates to me another—that has proved the best blessing, the richest happiness of my life. Joy and woe have flowed closely together, yet in divided streams, in our married life, darling?"

"I have been thinking of it as I sat here alone in the twilight, and reviewed the scenes of last Christmas," said Helen, a tear starting in her eye. "Then my anxiety to hear the report of your visit of this afternoon has been painful. Was the interview a trying one to you?"

"Are you well enough to speak of these things, love? Had we not better postpone the discussion to another day?"

"Not on my account! As I have said the anxiety and uncertainty do me more harm than a full knowledge of the truth could. How did the wretched man appear?"

"Like what you have called him—wretched—miserable beyond comparison!"

"And penitent?" interrogated Helen.

"Not in the least! Not that he does not express remorse for the deed, but it is palpably sorrow for the awful consequences to himself, not hatred of the crime, or compassion for the grief it has brought upon others. I went to the jail at his summons, prepared to grant the forgiveness which I supposed he, as a dying man, wished to entreat from the dearest earthly relative of his victim. Instead of humble confession, I was forced to listen to a labored extenuation of his act, and an appeal for my sympathy in behalf of himself,—'a man in the prime of his years—the scion of a long line of honored ancestors, condemned to perish ignominiously,' as he said, 'like a common convict!'"

"Incredible! I wonder you had patience to hear him to the end!"

"It was only by bearing in mind that in three days more he would be beyond the reach of human approbation or censure, that I compelled myself to remain in his loathed presence. He was very free in his communications. The disappointment of his preposterous hope that a petition for his pardon would be presented to the Governor, has apparently taken from him all desire for concealment—so far as the actions of his Past are concerned. I imagined that he experienced some relief in the horrible recital,—I am positive that the attempt to excuse his motives for the committal of these atrocities brought consolation—so deplorably depraved is his conscience. That his forgery of Robert's name was not his first essay in that species of crime, he avowed with infinite coolness. From his youth the facility with which he could imitate any manuscript presented to him, had been a mighty temptation to him, 'the impulse to employ the unfortunate talent for some practical purpose,'—I quote his exact words—'had been well nigh irresistible.' His pecuniary difficulties had proved the incentive to this 'error,' in every instance,—and he rambled off into an insupportable lamentation over the mortifications and hardships to which these had subjected him, until their accumulation and pressure drove him almost to insanity. Your fortune was imprudently risked in speculations that, 'promising in their commencement, eventuated unsuccessfully.' That meant, I knew, that the sacred trust had been squandered at the card-table, and I told him this, with no show of passion or indignation—only to recall him to the facts of the matter. Without pretending to deny this statement, he went on to speak of his embarrassment in view of your marriage; his hope that he could prevail upon Robert to execute a contract that, by appointing your former guardian the trustee of your property, would allow him an opportunity to retrieve your losses before the deficiency was detected; at any rate, prevent the institution of a legal process for the recovery of the missing amount. Foiled in this—and as he 'accidentally discovered—unquestionably referring to the conversation he basely manœuvred to overhear that night at the spring—baffled then as he learned through the instrumentality of your influence over Robert, he devised sundry other expedients for averting disgrace and ruin. Among these was his endeavor to surprise you into signing the papers he presented to you on Christmas eve, and the manufacture and exhibition to you of the letter which was, after the murder, transmitted to Lily—in order to delude her into the idea that her supposed lover had left his home for her sake, and through her attempt to fulfill the appointment she believed he had made for her, to mislead others from the real track. Finding that you were bent upon keeping your promise to Robert, and disdained even to examine the proofs of your betrothed's perfidy which he professed to have obtained, he resolved, as he would have had me credit, upon a final application to Robert himself—a statement of the real condition of his affairs, and an appeal to his generosity.

"To this end he suppressed your letter to Greenfield, substituted a note purporting to be from Lily, asking for an interview at ten o'clock—couched in language he was assured Robert could not read unmoved. Leaving his horse in Booker's care at some distance from the spot designated as the place of meeting, Colonel Floyd was proceeding on foot towards the spruce pine, when he descried Robert mounted upon Hero, slowly making his way through the underbrush a little way ahead of him. 'Like a flash of lightning,' he said, 'the thought seized me how easily I could rid myself of the difficulties that hampered me—avoid the humbling revelation, and abject petition, whose anticipation galled my proud soul into madness. My gun was in my hand,'—I stopped him there—I could not hear how my only brother was killed like a dog—aye, and buried like one! God forgive me! but I could have murdered him as he told the tale!"

He covered his face with his hands.

"God forgive him!" said Helen, by-and-by, in a voice broken by weeping. "If ever man stood in need of the mercy which is infinite, he does!"

"I may be able to say 'amen!' some day," replied Aleck, resuming his former tone and demeanor. "I cannot yet! still less could I entertain a forgiving thought, while I saw his unmoved countenance; heard his garbled representations. I felt as certain then, that he had deliberately laid in ambush and fired upon his prey, as I did after I proved this to his face—thrust the lying plea of man-slaughter down the villain's throat!"

"Dearest husband, remember he is, as you said just now, a dying man. He will soon stand before his Judge and ours!" interposed the wife, softly and sweetly. "In a very short time human justice will have its full course."

"My angel monitor!" Aleck raised her hand to his lips. "I have never needed you more, my precious one, than during the hour I spent in that cell. Think how hard it was for me to learn that the vile, odious letter to myself, that, for a season, seduced me into the conviction that one of the noblest beings heaven ever created, was a weak, perjured hypocrite, unworthy of my love as of yours—that this diabolical composition was framed and committed to paper within an hour after the murder was done! He actually penned it, sitting at Mr. Willis' private desk, Mr. Willis being in the outer office, while he, Floyd, was pretending to await the coming of him whose life he had taken!"

"Oh! horrible!" cried Helen, shuddering. "Was his conscience then altogether dead?"

"His ruling consideration then was to avert suspicion—to account to the community for the disappearance of one whose absence must before many hours elapsed, excite universal surprise. To effect this purpose, he could imitate, with a true and cunning hand, the style and writing of our poor brother, append his name to the letter, and devise a clever plan by which it should reach me, without implicating the real author in the remotest degree."*

His account of the concealment of the body in the bushes, and Booker's being sent off with Hero to the free negro's house, as well as the large bribe paid to the latter to undertake the secret service required of him, without asking any questions, tallied with that given by Booker himself and by Jeff Martin, at Booker's trial. He alluded, likewise, to the circumstance of the seemingly miraculous preservation of the corpse for so long a time, which was owing, he supposed, to its having been nearly or quite frozen, when it was interred. But to these details, I could not listen, nor shall you."

"You said that you convicted him of premeditation in what he did?" said Helen, inquiringly.

"Yes! I happened to mention Booker's confession. His face darkened instantly."

"The cowardly knave!" he said. "But for his treachery, I should not be where I now am. He, and he only, could have put the officers upon my track; for no one else knew my route or destination."

"You are mistaken, Colonel Floyd," I rejoined. "If the negro had had it in his power to give us the intelligence we required, we need not have consumed months in the search. A few days would have sufficed to find you out in your hiding place, and a glance would have penetrated your disguise. Do your instrument, criminal as he was—justice! It was not until he was condemned to death as an accessory in the murder, and had taken his resolution of cheating the gallows by self-destruction, that he said anything with regard to your share in the deed. Then, I allow, he spoke freely, and I believe, truthfully. He was cognizant of several things that you have not admitted—as for instance, the letters sent to the Post-office in Washington and Vicksburg, for remailing to my address."

"It would be sheer folly for me to deny that his information was correct in that particular," he remarked, without a sign of shame. "It was a needful stratagem, Mr. Lay. The first wrong step involved the necessity of the rest."

"And what do you say," I proceeded, "to another part of your man's evidence, wherein he stoutly affirmed that although he knew that you meditated some iniquitous measure, he was not aware that it was so great a crime as murder, until you called him to take the horse, after you had killed the rider?"

"It was a lie—an infamous lie!" he exclaimed, thrown off his guard by the question. "The scoundrel knew what my design was from the moment I summoned him to accompany me to the woods. Why, if he had received no orders to that effect, did he leave my horse and hasten to join me, so soon as he heard my gun?"

"The report of the gun was then a pre-concerted signal?" I inquired.

"It was!"

Recollecting himself, he stammered, and would have added something else, but I gave him no time.

"Then, sir!" I said, rising, "your servant went into eternity as you would wish to do—with a lie upon his tongue! You have declared to me, in the most solemn manner, that the intention of shedding innocent blood never crossed your mind until the second before the fatal shot was fired. What then, means this talk of a previous purpose, and instructions to your accomplice? I believed when my agents sought you in every town and city in the Union; when I urged them incessantly to greater diligence by promises of greater rewards—when I gave in my testimony at your trial; when I heard the verdict of the jurors; when I came here to listen to your dying confession—I have believed always, without a second's wavering, that you murdered foully, in cold blood, with malice and purpose aforethought, a man guiltless of wrong against you or any other mortal—and I go away, more firmly persuaded than ever, that my conclusion was just. I can stay here no longer. It would be worse than useless, for each falsehood makes heavier the load of your sin."

"One question more! but one instant!" he begged, catching hold of me, as I would have left the cell.

I could not help tearing myself from his hold.

"I will hear what you have to say," I said, "if it does not relate to the subject of which we have been speaking."

"It does not!" he assured me. "I wish to inquire after my niece, who has been, since last spring, domesticated in your family—Miss Calvert. How is she?"

"Her bodily health is good," I answered. "In mind, she will probably never be better than she is now—a mere child."

"The physicians regard her case as hopeless then, do they?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"It might have been expected!" he said, with no more show of feeling than he had manifested heretofore. "The circumstances of her birth were peculiar, and without doubt predisposed her to this malady. She is harmless—is she not?"

"She is—perfectly," I answered.

"But idiotic—hey?"

Indignant at this cool questioning, I said that it was rather a partial failure of certain powers of mind, a loss of memory upon many points and a weakening of the higher intellectual faculties; repeating in effect, my former declaration that she was now a child, with occasional lapses into a gentle melancholy more painful to us than it appeared to be to her.

"I cannot but consider her state a blessing instead of an affliction," I concluded, "when we remember the events that robbed her of reason."

"Ah! she was predisposed to it!" he reiterated. "I always dreaded some such calamity to her. Is it your intention, may I ask, Mr. Lay, to continue to take care of her—or will you send her to an asylum?"

"Neither my wife nor myself will ever consent to part with her, unless her health should require a change," I said. "As to an asylum—we are assured by the best medical authorities upon these points that no beneficial effects to her could arise from her residence in one."

Desperately hardened as I knew him to be, I was not prepared for his next observation—

"You may not be aware, Mr. Lay, that my niece has no property of her own—that she will be a great expense to you?"

"That does not alter my resolution, sir!" I replied, haughtily.

"You are very generous! I thought it but just to yourself that you should be notified of the fact of her poverty. My sister, Mrs. Calvert, left some little money and a few slaves in my care, but I regret to say, that my own failure has swallowed up the modest provision for her daughter's livelihood. I was the trustee of my sister's small fortune—an appointment that gave her husband much discontent,—and, I may say to you, Mr. Lay, was productive of more than one quarrel between us. Our last was a serious one, and to him very disastrous!"

He checked himself with the same expression he had worn upon perceiving that he had contradicted himself a while before—put his hand to his head and tried to smile. Such a ghastly grimace as it was.

"I think that my mind wanders slightly sometimes, Mr. Lay. You will excuse any incoherence or strangeness in my language or behavior. It has been long since I had occasion to refer to these family affairs, and the mention naturally agitates me. After all, what was done so many years since, in the heat of passion, and under extreme provocation—we were both fiery tempered—what was done then cannot be mended now, and had better rest in oblivion."

"He must be deranged!" said Helen, wonderingly.

"You would have thought so had you seen him at that instant," replied her husband. "In another he was himself again; desired me to give his love to Lily and his respects to you. 'Say to Lily,' he called me back to say—'that I always intended to provide for her myself—if our atonement—but no! perhaps you had not repeat the message. She might not understand it.' And thus we parted."

"May I come in?" A silvery voice at the door ended the pause that succeeded Aleck's strange, sad story.

"Come in, dear!" said Helen, brightening up, and a diminutive figure in white came forward on tiptoe.

Her beautiful hair had been shorn by the dangerous spell of brain-fever that attacked her ten months before, and clustered in short, golden curls about her colorless face. Her eyes were timid and soft, like those of a shy child, and her smile infantine in simplicity and sweetness of expression. She had taken an unconquerable fancy to wear white constantly ever since her illness, and her kindly guardians indulged her whim. To-night she had dressed herself in muslin, and, binding her curls, was a wreath of holly leaves and berries. A knot of the same was in her bosom.

"Good-evening, Aleck!" she said, putting her hand confidingly in his, outstretched with an air of brotherly fondness he could not have shown her a year ago. "I am glad that you are home again. Did you remember that it was Christmas eve?"

"Remember!" thought he, with an inward groan. He smiled pleasantly at the querist. "Is that the reason you have made yourself so fine to night, Lily?"

"Yes! Sally got the holly for me, for I thought I had heard that people wore it on Christmas eve. It looks pretty, doesn't it?"

"Very!" replied Helen, cheerfully.

Lily surveyed herself in the mirror with unaffected and guileless complacency.

"And to-morrow night Sally is to get me some orange-buds. I made her promise—if you had no objection, Aleck? There are plenty in the green-house."

"Why should I object?" asked Aleck. The flowers belong to you and Nelly here—not to me."

"Yes—but I had a notion that you did not like orange-blossoms—or was it you, Nelly?"

"Neither of us, I think," she responded. "It was all a 'notion,' little one."

"It makes me very happy to hear you say so, for, do you know, I wouldn't miss wearing them on Christmas night on any account," sinking her voice to a mysterious whisper. "Who was it, Nelly, that told me that it would be a terrible thing not to wear orange-blossoms on Christmas?"

"Another notion!" Aleck hastened to dispel the cloud of perplexity he saw gathering upon her brow. "What have you in your hand, Lily?"

"Oh!" she laughed out gleefully, "it is a pair of new socks for baby. I knit them myself on purpose to hang in the chimney corner to-night. See!"

They were united by a bow of blue ribbon, and she suspended them upon a hook at the left of the fire-place directly above the cradle.

Helen laughed. "I will venture to say that no younger gentleman in the length and breadth of the land will hang up his stockings this Christmas eve. Why, Lily, he is but a month and two days old!"

"He understands all I say to him!" retorted Lily, triumphantly. "Look! he is awake! Don't you see that he laughs at me!"

The little arms tossed down the covering that bound them, and the babe actually smiled in the face bowed over his.

"He knows me best!" She patted the tiny face. "Lily's baby! Lily's pet!" and while father and mother looked on with smiling lips and moistened eyes, there came another name—breathed in accents of such magical sweetness that one might have thought the child-woman had learned it from angel teachers—"LILY'S ROBERT!"

THE END.

* Fact.

EXCULPATION.

Wilt thou dare to blame the woman for her
seeming sudden changes,
Swaying east and swaying westward, as the
breezes shake the tree?
Fool! thy selfish thought misguides thee—
find the man who never ranges;
Woman wavers but to seek him—is not then
the fault in thee?—*Goethe.*

☞ AN OFFICE-HOLDER IN ROME.—In the course of a criminal prosecution now going on at Rome, it was proved that one of the chief custom house officers received a pay of only $36 a year, on which he kept carriage and horses, and gave dinner parties; and he did this for twenty years without raising suspicion, because everybody does so at Rome; salaries are so small there that when a fellow has $96 a year, *he* is run after by all the girls as a great fortune, and a marriage jointure is always insisted on.

☞ A BAD MARK.—"I've got a boy for you, sir." "Glad of it; who is he?" asked the master-workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name and where he lived. "Don't want him," said the master-workman, "he has got a bad mark." "A bad mark, sir! what?" "I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth; I don't want smokers."

☞ In England, the number of murders committed annually for every million of inhabitants is 4; in Belgium 17; in France, 31; in Austria, 36; in Lombardy, 45; in Bavaria, 68; in Sicily, 90; in Rome, 100; and in Naples, 200. The portion of Europe in which murders are fewest is the district inhabited by the Waldenses.

...NG AND SUMMER FASHIONS.

...regular opening day in New York to view the new fashions, as fol-

BONNETS.

...e and summer bonnets do not ... materially from those worn ... winter. They are somewhat ...ell over at the sides and less ele...vant; the cape more pointed, the ...rimmings more diffused, but, on the whole, ... like a new fashion than the modification of an old one. The outside trimming, which last season was concentrated on the top of the hat, near the brim, has retreated to the crown, and there made a stand, while the face trimming has also retrograded, leaving the front free to sink a little near the forehead, improving thereby the appearance of both hat and wearer.

Chip enters largely into the manufacture of summer bonnets, for which its lightness and purity of color render it eminently suitable; but silk, lace, tulle, straw, and crape are also used. Feathers, flowers, ribbons, and lace form the outside trimming, and the same materials, minus the feathers, form the face trimmings likewise. No one color predominates; for, though white is more used in the body of the hat than any other color, yet, generally speaking, it is so blended and intermingled with positive colors that it loses its individuality.

Bonnets of shirred silk for the uncertain spring months are on exhibition, looking as fresh and as lovely as spring is fabled to do, and forming a pleasant link between the heavy velvet bonnets worn universally by the ladies, and the delicate creatures designed for summer wear that predominated in every establishment. These shirred bonnets are made of all colors, green, blue, gray, and violet, and trimmed, but not profusely, with lace and flowers. The ruche is again restored to favor, and it forms such a pure frame for the face, and such an admirable basis for trimming, that we hope it will long remain in favor, for every substitute devised for it from time to time only proves the superiority of the genuine article, and makes a return to it more welcome.

Like everything else, hats are going up in price. Hats that two years ago could have been bought for fifteen or twenty dollars now bring thirty and forty dollars apiece; and the more expensive they are the more readily do they find a market.

DRESSES.

The innovations in dresses are not of a very marked character. The old favorites have been nearly all retained.

In the leading features the dress is still the same; the skirt is worn long and very full, and the corsage is high to the throat. Good taste requires the last, and the hoop skirts necessitate the first. The materials for the coming season will be, of course, silks of all kinds, *alpacas, very popular and very* pretty, poplins, always desirable, and *for the* warm summer days foulards, organdies, grenadines, pine-apples, muslins, &c.

Trimming is very profusely used, the principal being braid laid on in elaborate patterns, sometimes straight round the skirts, sometimes piled up pyramidically, and sometimes in isolated designs. It has superseded for the time all other kinds of trimming, but must go out with the advent of the summer tissues.

THE CORSAGE.

The corsage generally speaking, is made high up to the throat, and frequently pointed at the waist, sometimes with a double point in front, and made like a jacket in the back, and sometimes turned back *en revers*. Trimming is sometimes so arranged on the waist as to give the appearance of a jacket, and on some forms the effect of this style is very pretty.

THE SLEEVE.

The sleeve is made in every variety of form, from the loose flowing sleeve to the tight fitting jacket sleeve. A sleeve with a lozenge shaped opening, through which the undersleeves appears, is a pretty novelty, and when the design is carried out in the waist, and an opening of the same shape on each side of the gored front gives to view the muslin or lace insertion arranged underneath, the effect is very elegant and stylish.

THE SKIRT.

The skirt is still made very full and very long, and trimmed in every variety of style. Sometimes the trimming is arranged to represent a doule skirt, and sometimes it is laid on in horizontal lines; but in general it keeps close to the edge of the skirt—that is, if the trimming is formed of heavy goods, of velvet or the same material as the dress, laid on in plaits or roches; but if of braid it scorns all rules, and is as devious and meandering as the most eccentric fancy could desire. The amount of labor expended on the skirt of a fashionable dress now-a-days is almost appalling; indeed, the rage for ornamentation has reached its height, and must, as a natural consequence, subside. Extremes meet; and we should not be surprised to see this era of exuberant ornamentation succeeded by one of Quaker-like simplicity.

MOURNING.

The outside garments for mourning do not possess any peculiar features. There is nothing especially distinctive about them. We have the circular, the cloak with sleeves, the sacque and many other varieties; but it is too soon to look for the lighter styles, which the pleasant weather will bring with it. Alpaca is very much worn in mourning, and the gray Alpaca makes a very desirable traveling dress. It is durable, and not easily crushed.

MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

The latest costume for morning wear is cambric, white and buff, stamped upon the skirt and the Greek jacket which accompanies it in a black braiding pattern.

There are also pretty breakfast jackets, of blue or pink cashmere, boarded with white silk plush, which, with a white nansook *jaimpe*, and plain silk or cashmere skirt, compose a dressy *matinee* toilet.

Linen collars and cuffs, standing at the back, with points turning over in front, are the latest inventions. With the collar is worn a narrow, silk tie, with bow and embroidered ends. The cuffs are fastened with gold buttons.

Evening dresses are remarkably varied and elegant. White is still in favor, in tarlatane or puffed tulle over silk or satin; but, for summer wear, white organdie, and small checked or striped grenadine, will be preferred.

A very pretty blue and white grenadine was recently made, trimmed with a fluting of blue silk round the bottom, and oak leaves, designed in silk, upon every breadth. The body was very low, pointed back and front, and ornamented with white tulle in Grecian folds.

Tulle and tarletane dresses are still worn *bouillonn;* indeed it is the only way in which material so thin can be made to look well. The garniture should be grass and field flowers.

A new sash is made to wear with simple white, or light muslin dresses. They are made of black or colored silk, edged with lace, or simply pinked, and consist of braces fastened with a large flat bow of silk upon the shoulders, sash at the side, and pointed boddice for the waist.

A constant effort is made to introduce round bodies for evening wear, but it is never successful.

Wreaths are still somewhat worn, but they have generally given place to ornaments forming a diadem, or to bunches, or single flowers placed over the forehead, over the temple, or ear. The hair is arranged to suit this style of decoration. It is arranged in large bows behind, and frizzed high on the side, leaving the top plain, and ready for the erection of any superstructure upon the surface.

Combs are not so much worn as during the past season; flowers are now altogether used for ornaments, and so faithfully represent nature, as to form the most simple, and at the same time, the most exquisite decorations.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

Boys' and girls' hats in the fancy shapes which are now acknowledged as the leading styles, are as pretty as the most exigeant mother could desire. Straw is the fabric principally used, in white, black, new shades of brown, drab and black, and white mixed, or "speckled."

There is the "Athol," shaped very much like the old Glengary, the "Grassmere," and the "Berwick," of colored straw, and the "Harrow," for school boys, of mixed straw, with tips.

Handsome black straws, for girls, are ornamented with two small plumes, one black the other blue, set up as a pompon in front of the hat. The white straws are trimmed with scarfs or silk, fringed on the ends, or narrow velvet bands, and bunches of Spring flowers.

Little scarlet gipsy cloaks are among the favorite spring out-door garments for little girls. They also wear small suits of braided dress and sack, and little gray circulars, finished with a flat trimming, like their mammas.

Walking dresses are altogether in favor for summer wear, of cambric or *pique*, decorated with knots of broad ribbon tied on the shoulder and at the waist behind.

Curse on the innovating hand, that 'tempts it! Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven, *In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor,* And his pernicious counsels; who, for wealth, For power, the pride of greatness, or revenge, Would plunge his native land in civil war.

—*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

☞ The Philadelphia North American announces an antiquarian discovery which, it says, *gives to Pennsylvania some of the laurels hitherto* very gracefully worn by Massachusetts. This particular laurel is that which belongs to the person who first proposed the printing of the Bible in America. Cotton Mather has hitherto had the honor. But now it seems there have been discovered the relics of "Proposals for the Printing of a large Bible, by William Bradford," dated "Philadelphia, the 14th of the 1st month, 1688." Autograph letters are said to be in existence, giving even an earlier date to this project on the part of Bradford.

☞ Part of the baggage of Miss Constance Carey, the pretended refugee who was arrested while returning South, consisted of her bridal trousseau, which was unceremoniously seized with the rest of her packages. She begged piteously to be allowed to take it South, declaring she was about to be married to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

☞ JUST IT.—John Van Buren says—*We do not desire to subjugate the South, but to subjugate Jeff. Davis, and to free the South.*

☞ There has been a great depth of snow in the Alps, this winter. The mail from Milan was stopped for five days at Campoloisino, on the south side of the Spingen road. There were ten feet of snow on the ground, and it became necessary to postpone the burial of the persons who died in the villages. The passage of the St. Gothard was likewise completely closed, and even the telegraphic communication was interrupted. The excellent dogs maintained in the hospices of the Alps, rendered great service. The passes of the Simplon were blocked up, and several terrible avalanches have overwhelmed villages. In the hamlet of Locarno a church was crushed, and 53 lives were lost.

☞ It is as easy to write a gaudy style without ideas, as it is to spread a pallet of showy colors, or to smear in a flaunting transparency.

☞ "Necessity is the mother of invention," sure enough. Congress has been passing every kind of Conscription act, in hopes of leaving no door through which the young man could pass, but all its efforts are useless, as the young man will manage to escape. The latest mode to avoid conscription is to get married, and be sure that the lady you select has at least $300 in bank. Now is your time, "poor young men."

☞ There is a man residing in Wayne County, New York, who is a close figurer. He recently brought into court a bill for attending the funeral of a neighbor, as follows:—"For team attending funeral, $2,00; for services as Captain of funeral, $1,00; total, $3,00."

☞ A Michigan soldier, who was accused of stealing a rebel's goose, said he found the bird hissing at the American flag, and arrested it for treason.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ Many people fancy that a little fly is always little because it is young, and that it will grow up in process of time to be as big as a blue-bottle. Now, this idea is entirely wrong; for when an insect has once attained to winged state it grows no more. All the growing and most part of the eating, is done in its previous state of life, and indeed there are many insects, such as the silk-worm and moth, which do not eat at all from the time they assume the chrysalis state to the time when they die.

☞ Shoes are now made in Lynn by steam! The introduction of sewing machines and other machinery is working a change in the whole business, and shoes are now manufactured in large factories instead of being sent out to scattered workmen.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour is dull but firm at previous quoted rates. About 6000 bbls found buyers, mostly for shipment, at $6@6,50 for common to good and choice superfine, $6,50@7 for extras, $7@7,62½ for low grade and good extra family, and $8,50@8,75 for fancy brands. The sales to the trade have been limited within the same range of prices according to brand and quality, and high grade fancies at $9@9,50 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in a small way at $5 ₱ bbl, which is an advance. Corn Meal is scarce but quiet, and 300 bbls Brandywine sold at a price kept private; Pennsylvania is nominally unchanged.

GRAIN—The market for Wheat has been unsettled and very irregular, with sales of about 25,000 bus Western and Pennsylvania reds to note, in store and to arrive, at $1,60@1,70 for good and prime lots, and white at from $1,70 to $1,90 for common to choice quality. Rye is better, and all the Pennsylvania offered has been taken at 110c. Corn is firm, but without change in price or demand, and some 40,000 bus were taken at 87@89c for yellow, the latter for prime dry lots, chiefly afloat; 68c for Western mixed in store, and 91@92c for white, in the cars and afloat. Oats remain unchanged, and some 50,000 bus Pennsylvania and Southern sold at equal to 80c weight. Barley is quiet but firm, with sales of Western at $1,45@1,55 ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS are held with more firmness, the market is quiet at $14,50@15 for old, $16@16,50 for new Mess Pork, and $12@13 ₱ bbl for do Beef, the latter for city packed. Beef Hams are steady at $16,50@17,50 ₱ bbl. Bacon moves off as wanted at 9@10c for plain and fancy Hams. Sales of 500 bbls of the latter are reported on terms kept private, and Shoulders at 6¼@6¾c. Green meats are taken on arrival at 7¼@8c for salt and pickled Hams; 5½@5¾c for Shoulders, and 6@6¼c for Sides. 200,000 lbs of the latter sold private. Lard is more inquired for, and 1500 bbls and tcs sold at 11@11¼c; country is worth 9¾@10¼c, and kegs 12¾@12¾c ₱ lb. Butter continues scarce, and sells at 25@28c for Roll, and 15@20c for packed, as to quality. Cheese is quiet at 14@18c ₱ lb. Eggs are scarce and high, and selling at 23@25c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been excited; sales, however, only reach about 300 bales, in lots, at from 55 to 77c, the latter for good middlings, cash, closing dull and nearly nominal at 72@75c.

ASHES—The market for both kinds is unsettled and dull, and nearly nominal at quotations.

BARK is lower, and very dull at the decline. A few lots, some 80 bbds in all, have been disposed of at $36 for first No. 1 Quercitron, at which rate it is freely offered. Tanners' Bark is scarce but firm at $16@17 for Chestnut, and $18 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX comes in slowly, and sells at 46@47c ₱ lb for good Yellow.

COAL—There is a fair inquiry to go East, but prices are unsettled and tending upward. Cargo prices range at $4,50@4,75 ₱ ton, free on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The stock is nearly exhausted, and the market is dull but steady and firm, with a few small sales only to note, including Rio at 30@32½c, and Laguayra at 32@33c, cash and time.

COPPER is dull. For Yellow Metal prices are steady at 32c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS move off in lots as wanted at 45@47c ₱ lb for good Western; the demand continues limited.

FRUIT—Sales have been moderate at $3@4 ₱ bbl for Green Apples, 4@5c ₱ lb for Dried do, and 6@11c ₱ lb for unpared Peaches, quarters and halves.

HAY is better, good Timothy selling at from 95c to $1,05 the 100 lbs.

HEMP—The market continues at a standstill, but firm.

HOPS are dull and prices about the same, ranging from 25 to 28c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is a moderate demand for Pig Metal; a few small lots Anthracite have been disposed of at $35@37 for Nos 2 and 1, cash and 4 mos. Scotch Pig is nominal at $30@40 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron continues firm, and the demand for Bars and Rails good at fully former rates.

LEAD has improved, but the market closes quiet at quotations.

LUMBER—There is a good demand for all kinds; Susquehanna Boards sell at $21@23; shipping do $22; Yellow Sap Boards $20@21, and Laths at $1,80@1,90, the latter from the yards.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet but firm, and the sales of Cuba limited at about previous prices; 1000 bbls New Orleans sold, partly by auction, at from 32½ to 35c, cash and time.

PLASTER continues in demand, and soft is quoted at $5@5,50 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little offering or selling, and prices of East India range at 4¾@5¼c ₱ lb, with a sale at the former rate.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover seed has fallen off, sales of about 3500 bus have been made at $4,25@4,75 ₱ bus, mostly at $5,62½. Timothy is quiet at $2,25@2,50 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is unsettled and lower, and rough is quoted at $2,30@2,75. Recleaned Seed for sowing is worth $4@4,25 ₱ bus. Nothing doing in red top.

SUGAR—The market is quiet, and only some 250 bbds have been disposed of at 9¼@10¼c for Cuba and 9¾@11¼c for New Orleans, cash and time, including 100 hhds of the latter sold by auction at 8@10¾c, cash.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm but quiet at quotations. Of N. E. Rum the sales are limited at 48@50c. Whiskey is firmer and rather more active at the close, with sales of bbls at 47@48c, hhds 47c and drudge at 45½@46½c.

TALLOW is firmer and more active, with sales of city to some extent at 11@11¼c—now held higher.

TOBACCO—There is no change in Leaf or Manufactured.

WOOL—The demand is limited, with a small business only to note at from 80 to 95c for common to good and prime Fleece, cash, including tub at 92c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1197 head. The prices realized were from 10 to 11 cts ₱ lb. 110 Cows brought from $23 to 30 ₱ head. 5800 Sheep were sold at from 8 to 9½c ₱ lb gross. 630 Hogs at from $7,62½ to 9,50 ₱ cwt, net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Portsmouth, R. I., March 24th, at the residence of Jos. B. Cory, Esq., uncle to the bride, by the Rev. Dr. Chivers, Mr. CHARLES H. WILBOUR, to Miss AUGUSTA BUTLER, youngest daughter of Susan A. Barnard, of Camden, N. J.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. FREDERICK MARTIN, of Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss ELIZA MCCULLOUGH, of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE W. VANDEGRIFT, to Miss ALICE GREEN, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ABSALOM ZARFOSS, to Miss MARY E. SICKLER, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. DANIEL HERRCHER, of Altoona, Pa. to Miss ELIZABETH MCGONIGAL, of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. BENJAMIN DARE, Jr. to Miss ANNA E WEYGAND, both of this city.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES G. FOLWELL, to Miss CHRISTIANNA F. BUZBY, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, GEORGE W. CANNON, to Miss CATHARINE RICH, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. WILLIAM N. CARDWELL, to MARY E. LOGAN, both of Wilmington, Del.

DEATHS

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st ultimo, JOHN T. JAMES, in his 30th year.

Nov. 2d, 1863, at his residence, in Sterling, Macomb county, Michigan, JACOB HAFF, in his 71st year.

On the 31st ultimo, SAMUEL, son of Thos. and Hannah Stanley, in his 18th year.

On the 31st ultimo, on board the U. S. steamer Keystone State, JOHN W. son of F. W. and the late Mary A. Armstrong, aged 22 years.

On the 30th ultimo, FREDERICK WILKES, aged 38 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE RICKNER, in her 76th year.

On the 30th ultimo, SAMUEL H. CRAWFORD, in his 73d year.

On the 28th ultimo, MOSES MILLER, in his 77th year.

On the 29th ultimo, WILLIAM S. JONES, in his 43d year.

On the 28th ultimo, ANN, wife of Thomas G. Wiley, in her 28th year.

On the 27th ultimo, CATHARINE, wife of Jacob Young, in her 83d year.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. CAROLINE HILT, in her 45th year.

On the 28th ultimo, WENDALL W. FARLEY, in his 48th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 4, 1863.

Alabama	30 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	40 prem.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Connecticut,	1 dis.	New Brunswick,	20 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	2 dis.	New Jersey,	par to 1 dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	par.
Georgia,	40 dis.	New York State,	par.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	40 dis.
Indiana,	1 to 2 dis.	Nova Scotia,	12 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	1 dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania,	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	10 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 2 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	1 dis.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	15 dis.	Virginia,	25 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	2 dis.

MR. CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE, UNDER NIAGARA.

Painted from studies made on the "Maid of the Mist," now on exhibition at HAZARD'S Bookstore, 724 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Admission 25 cents.
ap11-2t JOHN McCLURE.

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" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION,

NO. 1307 CHESTNUT STREET.

To all who have friends in the Army:—Soldiers' Aid Societies, Clergymen, Editors and others are respectfully requested to aid in disseminating the following notice, which is of interest to all who have friends in the Army:—

DIRECTORY OF THE HOSPITALS.

The Sanitary Commission have made arrangements for supplying information gratuitously with regard to patients in the United States General Hospitals at the following points (others will be added):—

PHILADELPHIA DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut Street.

Philadelphia,	Germantown,	Chestnut Hill,
Chester,	Reading,	Harrisburg.

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.—For information address Office Women's Central Union, No. 10 Cooper Institute.

New York, N. Y.	Portsmouth Grove, R.I.	Burlington, Vt.
New Haven, Conn.	Brattleboro', Vt.	Albany, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.	Newark, N. J.	

EASTERN DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Sanitary Commission, Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.	Point Look-out, Md.
Frederick, Md.	Fairfax, Va.
Annapolis Junc., Md.	Baltimore, Md.
Cumberland, Md.	Annapolis, Md.
Georgetown, D. C.	Aquia Creek, Va.
Alexandria, D. C.	York, Pa.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Sanitary Commission, Louisville, Ky.

Columbus, Ohio.	Louisville, Ky.
Cleveland, Ohio.	Covington, Ky.
Camp Dennison, O.	Lexington, Ky.
Gallipolis, Ohio.	Danville, Ky.
Cincinnati, Ohio.	Perryville, Ky.
Quincy, Ill.	Bowling Green, Ky.
Mound City, Ill.	Memphis, Tenn.
Jeffersonville, Ind.	Clarksville, Tenn.
Evansville, Ind.	Jackson, Tenn.
New Albany, Ind.	Murfreesboro' Tenn.
St. Louis, Mo.	La Grange, Tenn.
Ironton, Mo.	Gallatin, Tenn.
Rolla, Mo.	Vicksburg, Miss.
Springfield, Mo.	Corinth, Miss.
Keokuk, Iowa.	Helena, Ark.
Davenport, Iowa.	Grafton, Va.
Paducah, Ky.	Point Pleasant, Va.
Bardstown, Ky.	Parkersburg, Va.
Lebanon, Ky.	Clarksburg, Va.
Columbus, Ky.	Charlestown, Va.

Information will, under ordinary circumstances be given to any one applying for it, in answer to any or all of the following inquiries. If the application is by letter the answer will be sent by return of mail. If in person, it will be answered at once.

1. Is ——— (giving the name and regiment) at present in the Hospital of ———?
2. If so, what is his proper address?
3. What is the name of the Surgeon or Chaplain of the Hospital?
4. If not in Hospital at present, has he recently been in Hospital?
5. If so, did he die in Hospital, and at what date?
6. If recently discharged from Hospital, was he discharged from service?
7. If not, what were his orders on leaving?

More specific information as to the condition of any patient in the Philadelphia Hospitals will be furnished within twenty-four hours after a request to do so is received at the office, No. 1307 Chestnut street. The office of the Directory will be open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9 A. M. to 6 o'clock P. M.

The Commission receives no pecuniary aid whatever from Government, and is wholly dependent on the voluntary contributions of the public for the means of sustaining its operations. Contributions to its treasury are solicited, and will be thankfully received by CALEB COPE, Esq., Treasurer, N. E. corner of MINOR and SIXTH Streets, Philada. ap11-3t

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

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AT REDUCED PRICES.

OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1861.

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PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with	
Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	80,00
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Plain Table,	65,00
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with	
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$55,00
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The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

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For a regular list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to DEACON & PETERSON,
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TOBACCO SEED, COTTON SEED, FLAX SEED—for sale at the Agricultural Warehouse of ROGERS & GEST,
fe28-eow4t No. 133 Market St., Phila.

Wit and Humor.

STEVE CONANT'S COURTSHIP.

I once called on my friend, Steve Conant, and while there the conversation turned on courtship; and, at my request, the old gentleman told me an incident in his own love affairs, which I give in his own words:—

"Wall, seeing it's yoo, I don't mind telling about a scrape that happened to me when I was courting Nancy here. That are is something that I never tell anybody. But ye shall it!"

"No, don't Steve," broke in the old woman; "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, telling your love scrapes to everybody."

"If you can't bear to hear it, you may go out doors—so here it goes! When I was nigh about twenty-one I came up here, all alone, and built me a cabin. I hadn't a naber nearer than five miles, so ye see, I didn't quarrel much; but as it grew to be near winter, I got kinder lonesome, and begun to think that I ought to have a woman to keep me company; so one morning I started down to Lenway, to take a look at the girls, to see if I could find one to suit me. When I got down to the settlement I asked a young chap if he knew of a girl that wanted to get married, and he told me that he guessed that Nancy Knox did, and if I wanted a wife, I had better try and hitch on with her; and he said that if it was agreeable, he would go to Deacon Knox's and make me acquainted with Nancy, and he was as good as his word, and twasn't an hour afore Nancy and I was on the best of terms. Afore night I hired out with the deacon for ten dollars a month, half of the pay to be taken in produce, and the rest in clear cash, and I was to work all winter. Wall, for about two months I felt as neat as a mouse in a new cheese. I courted Nancy every Sunday night, and I was determined before another month to pop the question, and I hadn't a bit of doubt but what Nancy would be overjoyed at becoming my bosom companion. Well, about this time there came a fellow from one of the lower towns to keep school, and he hadn't been there more'n a week afore I found he had a natural hankering arter Nancy; and worst of all, the old deacon, who had seemed mighty pleased at the thoughts of my courting his girl, begun to kinder kool off, as if he would like the schoolmaster better for a son-in-law, and it made me feel kinder down in the lip, I can tell you. Wall, one Sunday night, Bill Smith, for that was the peaky critter's name, came in just at dusk, and when the clock struck nine he didn't seem ready to go. Old Mrs. Knox and the young uns all went off to bed, and there were none left but the old deacon, Bill, Nancy and I, and there we all sat, round the fire, without saying a word. Always afore the deacon had gone off to bed, and left the coast clear for Nancy and I, and I kept 'specting every minite that he would show Bill to bed, but he did no such a thing; but jest as the clock struck ten he ris up, and sez he:

"'Steve, let's go to bed, for we must be up bright and airly to have them ere logs to the river.'

"Wasn't that a hint, eh? I looked at Nancy, but she turned away her hed, and at this I up and marched out into the entry, and up the ladder to bed. I was boiling over mad with all creation—Bill, Nancy, and the deacon in particular. I got into bed and kivered myself up, but I felt so bad that I couldn't go to sleep. Like as not, the schoolmaster was hugging and kissing Nancy down in the kitchen, and I couldn't shet my eyes for the life of me. Wall, all at once it occurred to me that there were some big cracks in the floor over the kitchen, and I could watch and see all that was going on below: so out of bed I got, and crawled along close to the chimney on all fours, and, finding a big crack, I looked down through. Bill and Nancy were sitting about two feet apart, though every now and then Bill would hitch his chair a little nearer to her. How I could have choked that man! I watched them for about a quarter of an hour, and by that time I was near about froze, as it was an awful cold night, and I hadn't a rag on but my two shirts. But I would not go to bed, for I was bound to know if Nancy was true to me. By and by Bill hitched his chair up a little closer, and I could see that he had made up his mind and was just going to kiss her. How it riled me! But I was bound to see it through, so I moved a little to get a better view, and that moment the plank I was on tipped up, and down I went kerchunk, and landed atween Bill and Nancy. Bill thought for once that old Nick had come, and he stretched it out doors; and as for Nancy, she gave one look, and then covered up her face with her apron. I started out of the kitchen as quick as you could say scoot, and as I was going up the ladder I heard old Mrs. Knox holler:

"'Nancy, scoot the cat down, or she'll break every dish on the dresser!'

"The next morning when she went to milking, I popped the question to Nancy, and she sed she would have me, for she didn't care a cent for Bill Smith, and we have been married forty years cum next June."

☞ Do many *barks* hail from the Isle of Dogs?

A FACETIOUS PRISONER.

Recorder (to prisoner)—"How do you live?"

Prisoner—"I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked if he'd be roasted or fried."

Recorder—"We don't want to hear what the oyster said. What do you follow?"

Prisoner—"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when it ran over a man."

Recorder—"Your business?"

Prisoner—"That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken."

Recorder—"That comes nearer to the line, I suppose?"

Prisoner—"Altogether in my line, as the rope said when choking the pirate."

Recorder—"If I hear any more comparisons, I will give you twelve months."

Prisoner—"I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

Advantages of a Bad Character.—A gentleman went with a friend to the opera-house in London, and arrived there before the doors were opened. While waiting in the crowd and standing behind his friend, he amused himself by picking the pocket of the latter, abstracting therefrom a handkerchief. Hardly had he done so when he was tapped on the shoulder, and, on looking around, he saw a gentlemanly-looking individual who handed him his own snuff-box, with a polite bow, observing that he never knowingly "operated on a brother professional, and was sorry that he had made such a mistake this time."

A California Epitaph.—The following inscription is said to have been found on a head-board at a grave, in the Sparta Diggings, California:

"In memory
of
John Smith, who met
wierlent death, neer this spot
18 hundred and 40 too—he was shot
by his own pistill,
it was not one of the new kind
but a old fashioned
brass barrel and of such is the
Kingdom of Heaven."

A Variety of Comforts.—Cold Comfort—Ice in August.

Double Comfort—To pay a note with borrowed money.

Editorial Comfort—Pay in advance.

Domestic Comfort—A pleasant wife, good-natured children, and warm puddings.

Sunday Comfort—To listen to a long sermon upon man's iniquities, without hearing a vice of which you are guilty.

A WHISPER TO DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. N. M'CAUGHY.

Girls, before you decide to accept a man as your companion for life, look well to his resentments. See if he hates anybody soundly. If so, you run a great risk in marrying him. A man who can hate well, has not the qualities to make a good friend. A truly noble soul will never hate bitterly, even though deeply injured. He stands on too high ground. He may be deeply hurt, and much displeased; he may avoid one he knows to be an enemy, but he does not harbor bitter hatred in his soul.

A noble mind is not always on the look-out for little offences, but takes good-humoredly slight annoyances that are plenty enough in every one's pathway. Do not countenance a person who thinks to add to his importance by blustering at hotel servants, railroad employees, or whenever he feels it is safe to do it. Instead of proving him a cosmopolitan, as he vainly thinks, his barking and snarling only show his affinity to the puppy. Do not marry a rowdy if he is ever so rich, hoping your influence will reform him. See to it that he is well reformed before you take a step from which you can never recede while life lasts.

It is an excellent sign for a young man if he is kind and attentive to his mother and sisters. Such a one will be quite sure to make a kind husband. There is something kind and genial and worth loving in a young fellow that all the children run to, if they wish to ask a favor,—one the little girls are not afraid to ask to carry them across the muddy street,—one the boys look to naturally to help them out of trouble with "that plaguy kite"—one who has a few minutes to spare from his work, to put up a swing that shall furnish weeks of enjoyment to the little folks. Children are sharp observers of human nature, and depend upon it a young man that all the children like, has something about him worth liking, whether he wear home-spun or broad-cloth.

Above all, remember that the "Christian is the highest style of man." The religion of Christ alone can make the proud heart humble—the violent, angry nature, mild and gentle, and perfect in the highest degree all the virtues and graces which make the person an agreeable companion and a useful man in the sphere which God has placed him.—*The Mother's Journal.*

☞ In consequence of the dearness of other material, painters are using *canvas-back* ducks. They take them internally.

Railway Official.—"Show your ticket, sir—please."

Swell.—"Haw, don't want to split my gloves—would you be kyind enough to take it yourself out of my waistcoat pocket?"

A WEDDING IN CAMP.

[See Engraving on First Page.]

The picture on our first page, engraved expressly for The Post from the N. Y. Illustrated News, illustrates the most pleasant episode of the war that it has been our privilege to chronicle. The 12th of March was a gala day in one of the camps of a brigade stationed near Falmouth.

The occasion was the marriage of Captain Daniel Hart, Company E, Seventh Regiment, New Jersey volunteers, to Miss Helen A. Lammond, of Washington, D. C. The bridegroom was not able to obtain leave of absence, and the lady therefore agreed to marry him in the camp. Captain H. is one of the most popular officers of the brigade, and his friends were determined that nothing should be wanting to make the wedding a brilliant one. The camp, in anticipation of the event, had been beautifully decorated with evergreens, and every preparation made to give *eclat* to the affair.

"At precisely noon," says a correspondent of the Herald, "the regiment was drawn up, forming three sides of a hollow square, fronting the canopy under which the ceremony was to take place, when, the band playing 'Hail to the Chief,' General Hooker, with his staff, followed by a large number of general officers, among whom were Generals Sickles, Berry, Birney, Mott, Carr, Revere, Bartlett, Ward and others, proceeded to occupy a position on the left of an altar extemporized for the occasion, and formed of drums placed one upon another.

"Everything being in readiness, the bridal party, consisting of the groom and bride, with Colonel Francine and Lieutenant-Colonel Price as groomsmen, and Miss Ida Lammond (a sister of the bride) and Miss Mollie Lewis, of Philadelphia, escorted by a guard of honor (twelve officers of the regiment), advanced to the canopy, where the worthy chaplain of the regiment, the Rev. Dr. Rose, performed the marriage ceremony in the impressive Episcopal form. As the party advanced to their position they were received by the regiment at a present arms. After the marriage ceremony had been performed—and this included the reading of the 'license' granted by the Clerk of the County of Washington, D. C., and approved by the Military Commandant of this District, and the witnessing of the marriage certificate, which was signed by all the prominent officers present—the whole party adjourned to a dinner which had been prepared by the officers of the regiment—a dinner that would vie with the finest 'set out' of our friends at home.

"The sight of the table would have surprised those who expect to find nothing in the army but 'hard tack,' and salt pork.

"After dinner the tables were cleared and the pavilion prepared for a grand ball in the evening. Some twenty young ladies had accompanied the bride from Washington, and this number was increased by the presence of a number of the wives of officers who are visiting their husbands in camp, making as fine a collection of youth and beauty as has ever been witnessed in this part of the Old Dominion.

"During the evening there was quite a display of fireworks, including a number of rockets, the sight of which must have puzzled the rebels amazingly, and I venture the assertion they attributed it to every other cause than the right one.

"The festivities continued until the 'wee small hours,' and the company separated, each declaring it was the happiest wedding they had ever attended—the married people each making one exception."

☞ If you want your son to lead a dog's life, apprentice him to a cur-rier.

Agricultural.

USEFULNESS OF BIRDS AND TOADS.

Many years ago, when rice was dear in Eastern China, efforts were made to bring it from Luzon, where it was abundant. At Manilla there was, however, passed a singular law, to the effect that no vessel for China should be allowed to load with rice, unless it brought to Manilla a certain number of cages full of the little "butcher birds," well known to ornithologists. The reason for this most eccentric regulation simply was that the rice in Luzon suffered much from locusts, and these locusts were destroyed in great numbers by butcher birds.

A somewhat similar business is carried on between England and New Zealand. This latter country, at particular seasons, is invaded by armies of caterpillars, which clear off the grain crops as completely as if mowed down by a scythe. With the view of counteracting this plague, a novel importation has been made. It is thus noticed by the Southern Cross:—

"Mr. Brodie has shipped 300 sparrows on board the Swordfish, carefully selected from the hedgerows in England. The food alone, he informs us, put on board for them, cost £18. This sparrow question has been a long standing joke in Auckland, but the necessity to farmers of small birds to keep down the grubs is admitted on all sides. There is no security in New Zealand against the invasion of myriads of caterpillars, which devastate the crops."

The most singular branch of such traffic is the toad trade. On some of the market gardens near London, as many as five crops are raised in one year, the principal object being, however, to raise the finest possible specimens for high prices. Under such a system of culture, slugs and other insects are very formidable foes, and to destroy them, toads have been found so useful as to be purchased at high prices. As much as a dollar-and-a half a dozen is given for full-grown lively toad, which are generally imported from France, where they have also been in use for a long time in an insectivorous way. Who can say but Shakspeare, who knew everything, guessed everything, and foresaw everything, thought of this latent value when he said that the toad, though

Ugly and venomous
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

TIME TO PRUNE TREES.

It is not an easy task to satisfy orchardists what season is the best for pruning apple trees.

Many consider the time a matter of indifference, contending that one season is as good as another.

A story is told of an old minister, who once announced to his hearers that on a following Sabbath he would tell his people what time to trim apple trees. The announcement had the desired effect, drawing out a large congregation. At the close of the service he announced that the time for his hearers to trim apple trees was when their tools were sharp.

Trees pruned after the leaf is fully expanded are less likely to send forth suckers than those pruned earlier.

Trees pruned, or browsed down by cattle, in the latter part of summer manifestly receive injury.

Trees that are trimmed by the snow splitting off twigs and branches, heal over and repair the damage with remarkable vigor, proving that winter is not an unfavorable time for pruning.

We have long practiced pruning in March, because it is a season of leisure, and have never perceived any injurious results.

Years of the most careful observation has proved to us that the sap will never weep out of the living wood of an apple tree, at whatever season it may be cut.

Water will ooze out of the winter-killed wood of an apple tree if cut at any time before such wood becomes rotten or dried.—*Farm. Chron.*

THE RIVER APPLE.

Among the fruits that seem to us to be peculiarly, and in this case wonderfully adapted to the wants of man, is the River apple. In the first place it is a good looking apple, being above medium size and frequently growing quite large, when the tree stands in rich ground. Its shape is flattish, not flat, nor really oblong, yellow, much red in stripes; tender and juicy; pleasant, slightly acid. It is a fine cooking and eating apple. The books say it is a good grower but poor bearer. Such is not the case with those to which our attention has been called, as the trees bear bountifully. The tree is a handsome one when properly trained.

The peculiar and valuable quality of this apple, however, is its property of gradually ripening through a period of *twelve* weeks. Our attention was repeatedly called to several trees in the summer and autumn of 1861, when there was almost a total failure of apples, that were loaded with rare fruit. While under the trees, and selecting fine specimens, the owner stated that the apples began to drop during the *last days of July*, and were in good condition for cooking or for desert. They continued to ripen and drop in this manner until November, when the supply was exhausted. Small baskets of this fruit were sent to us by the liberal owner, and also to other neighbors, and twenty-five dollars' worth sold by the addition of a few Porters. Beside this, from these few trees, a family of seven or eight persons was constantly supplied with all they wanted for eating and cooking, and as there were three or four children, the quantity must have been liberal.

It is a remarkable apple, and one that should be on every farm—but, perhaps, not more than a tree or two, or a few at most, unless near a market that can be easily reached daily.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Grape Vines.—Let the roots of the grape vine be well cared *for by good tillage, manuring, &c. Let the surface of the ground* be covered with bones to increase the moisture and prevent grass-growing, &c. It is presumed that always at trimming time the vines will be secured to their proper places.

Now a word about the manner of trimming. Most people trim too little, i. e., leave too many buds on. Two buds on each branch are enough, and it were better if each alternate branch has but one. For example: this season remove all of last year's growth down to two buds on the right side of the main stalk, and on the left side remove all down to one; next year leave two buds on the left side and one on the right, and so alternate every year.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Useful Receipts.

Coffee Cakes.—Three cups of flour, two cups of sweet milk, three eggs, a little salt. Beat all together very thoroughly for fifteen minutes. Fill your patty cans half full, and bake twenty minutes.—*Manchester Mirror.*

Substitute for Cream.—If you have not cream for coffee, it is a very great improvement to boil your milk, and use it while hot.

Glue for Ready Use.—To any quantity of glue use common whiskey instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork tight, and set it away for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat.

Cure for Bunions.—Take chronic acid, twenty grains; balsam of fir and white wax, each one ounce. Melt the balsam and wax, and while cooling, add the acid. Stir until an ointment is formed. Spread the ointment on a piece of kid, and apply to the bunion. Change once or twice a day.

A Good Remedy for a Felon is made of common soft soap and air slacked lime, stirred till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition, and insert the finger therein; and, our informant says, a cure is certain. This is a domestic application that every housekeeper can apply promptly.

RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Corn Pudding.—6 ears corn, grated; 1 quart milk; 3 eggs; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; ditto flour rubbed together; nutmeg; bake 1 hour in a quick oven.

Cocoa-Nut Cakes.—Grate 1 cocoa-nut; mix the milk with it; sweeten to taste with powdered loaf sugar; form it into little balls, and put on white paper to dry. Some warm place—a very cool oven, or in a current of warm air.

We *think* that in making the famous "negro cake" they boil the grated nut with brown sugar till it becomes adhesive.

[Can any one give positive information on this subject?]

The Riddle

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 28, 25, 26, 16, 21, 4, 30, is an old fashion.
My 20, 9, 10, 22, 3, 20, was a [illegible] painter.
My 5, 28, 2, 26, 29, 4, is a boy's first name.
My 7, 28, 10, 29, 14, 24, is a girl's nickname.
My 23, 21, 20, 17, 18, 19, is loving to excess.
My 11, 6, 3, 6, 1, is a game.
My 20, 13, 21, 10, 27, 26, 15, 1, 23, 5, 23, a Danish sculptor of great celebrity.
My 13, 3, 24, 4, 5, are annoying plants.
My whole is one of the oldest churches in the United States. CARRIE *of Brandywine.*

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A ship's timber.
A kind of tree.
A month.
An Italian patriot.
A species of duck.
One of the races of men.
A numeral
A retirement.
A Roman deity.
A fine linen.
A useful plant.
A cane.
A reparation.
A kind of bird's nest.
A town of Russia.
A naval hero.
A clergyman.
An adjective, meaning improper.
An important town of New York.
Information.
A celebrated Italian painter.
An animal useful for its fur.

My initials compose the name of a Revolutionary hero, and my finals form his popular title. JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A widow lady, the mother of four sons and four daughters, had a farm of 1,200 acres, in a circular form, with her dwelling house in the centre. *Being desirous of* having her children settled near her in her old days, she gave to her four sons four equal parcels, as large as could be made in four equal circles included within the periphery of her farm, one to each, with a dwelling house in the centre of each; also to her four daughters four equal parcels, as large as could be made in four equal circles included within the four separate remaining sections of her farm, one to each, with a dwelling house in *the centre of each, after reserving for herself* a small circular farm, as large as could be made, touching her sons' farms; her dwelling house having a common centre with the *original* farm. The residue she sold at $50 per acre for the education of her grand-children. How many acres did the farm of each son and of each daughter contain? how many acres did the mother retain? how far apart were the dwelling houses of the sons and of the daughters? how far was the dwelling house of each son and daughter from that of the mother? how far was the dwelling house of a son from that of a daughter in an adjoining farm? and to what did the residue amount?

FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.

Barnesville, Belmont Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a successful lover and his rival? Ans.—The one kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss.

☞ What is the difference between the highest unit and a beautiful quadroon girl? Ans.—One is a fine nigger and the other is a nine figure.

☞ What one word would express to an Indian the act *of tying him up?* Ans.—Ingen-u-i-ty.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Arouse. RIDDLE.—Post. (Spot, Stop, Top, Pot.) CHARADE.—Stalagmite. (Stay, Lag, mite.)

Salem Ohio, 3d mo., 25, 1863.

Ed. of the Sat. Eve. Post, Philada., Pa.:

Esteemed Friend:—In thy excellent paper of 9th mo., 6th, 1862, (I think that is the date,) the following MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM is proposed by Artemas Martin, namely: "It is required to find two cube numbers, other than 2^3 and 3^3, whose sum shall be 35!"

The following numbers I have obtained after considerable care and labor. They are believed to be correct. I should like to see them in print.

The roots of the required cube numbers are:

1796631983850673[illegible]
2761654597[illegible]
9010042834[illegible]
2761654597[illegible]

It will be perceived that I have left the numerator of each fraction incomplete, supplying the places of the suppressed numbers with stars; my object in doing so, is to oblige those who wish to have the answer complete, to work for it as I did. A TEACHER.

☞ Though the clouds rear their battlements in the sky, they are easily carried by storm.